

11507 bbb 22

P O E M S,

A N D

Miscellaneous Pieces

formerly W R I T T E N

By J O H N F R E E, D. D.

Vicar of R U N C O R N, in Cheshire,
and *Lecturer* of N E W I N G T O N in Surry.

— pares, quod *vendere* possis
Pluris dimidio, nec te fastidia mercis
Ullius subeant ablegandæ *Tiberim* ultra,

— *Lucri* bonus est odor ex re
Qualibet —

Unde habeas quærit Nemo, sed *oportet* habere,
Hoc monstrant vetulæ pueris poscentibus assen:
Hoc discunt Omnes ante *Alpha* et *Beta* puellæ.

Juvenal. Satir. xiv.

L O N D O N,

Printed by W. BOWYER for the Author,

MDCCLI.

nt



Names of the Subscribers.

Honourable Mrs. Aston, Cavendish Square.
Thomas Astley Esq. of Fishwick Hall, Mayor of Preston, in Lancashire.

Benj. Avery L L. D. Treasurer of Guy's Hospital Southw.

Rev. Thomas Alcock M. A. Rector of Sandford, Devon.

Rev. Mr. Audley, Lecturer of Rotherhithe.

Mr. Aaron, St. Thomas's, Southwark.

Mr. Abbyfs Junior, St. Saviour's, Southwark.

Mr. Thomas Allen, Yarmouth.

Mr. John Allen, Ratcliff Cross.

Mr. Henry Adams, Southwark.

Mr. John Ament, St. Saviour's; Ditto.

Mr. Thomas Aspinwall, Attorney at Liverpool.

Mr. Nathaniel Austin, Ramsgate.

Mr. Daniel Ashley, Attorney in Frodsham, Cheshire.

Mr. Benjamin Ansell, Ratcliff Cross.

Rev. Dr. Bentham, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.

Rev. Rich. Brown, B. D. Fellow of Trin. Coll. Oxon. Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabick.

Mr. John Barbor, St. Saviour's, Southwark.

Mr. George Bradley, Merchant in Liverpool.

Rev. Mr. Sam. Bardley of Runcorn, Cheshire.

Mrs. Baldwin, St. Saviour's Southwark.

Miss Bladwell, Bow-Street Covent Garden.

Mr. Thomas Brooks, Ratcliff.

Mr. Bearcroft, Kennington Lane.

Rev. Mr. Brereton, Rector of Liverpool and Vicar of Northop.

Mr. John Butler, St. Olave's, Southwark.

Mr. Jos. Brown, St. John's, Ditto.

Mr. John Brown, Ditto.

Mr. Jasper Bezer, St. Saviour's, Southwark.

Mr. Charles Bush, Tower of London.

Mr. Francis Barnfield, Ratcliff.

Mr. William Bedell.

Rev. Mr. Blacow, M. A. Bazen-nose Coll. Oxford.

Mr. Bagnall, Newington Butts.
Captain Thomas, Balfour, Liverpool.
Mr. Thomas Bilton, Ramsgate.
Mr. John Brown, St. George's, Southwark.
Rev. Mr. Buck, M. A. Vicar of Kirkham in Lancashire.
Mr. John Bardsley, Liverpool.
Mr. James Brain, Ratcliff Cross.

Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Chester, 2 Books.
Rev. G. Costard, B. D. Fellow of Wadham Coll. Oxon.
Rev. Mr. Casberd Prebendary of Bristol.
Thomas Carter Esq. Member of Parliament for Hull.
John Croxton Esq. of Chester.
James Croxton Esq. Surveyor of his Majesty's Customs, Liverpool.
Mr. Chin Kensington 4 Books.
Rev. Mr. Chamberlayne Charlton in Kent.
Miss Chitty, St. Saviour's, Southwark.
Mr. Thomas Chillingworth, Ratcliff Cross.
William Crawford M. A. Master of the Boarding School at Newington Butts.
Mr. Church, Black's Fields, Southwark.
Mr. Robert Caldwell, Bermondsey.
Mr. Robert Core, St. Thomas's, Southwark.
Mr. Thomas Combe, Ratcliff Cross.
Mr. Peter Copeland, Southwark.
Captain Alexander Campbell, Yarmouth.
Mrs. Campbell.
Captain John Cooper, Ratcliff Cross.
Mr. Catlin, Steward of Guy's Hospital, Southwark.

Mr. Abel Daniel, Tower Street, 2 Books.
Mr. Duhorty, Merchant in Walbrook.
Mrs. Delaplace, Marybone.
Mr. Dawson, St. Thomas's, Southwark.
Mrs. Davie, Walton-Hall, Lancashire.
Mr. John Dale, Liverpool.
Thomas Dicey, Gent.
Mr. Edward Daniel, Surgeon at Ramsgate, Kent.

Mrs.

Mr. Davenport.
Rev. Mr. Davis.
Captain Dodsworth.
Mr. Dix.

Mr. Eades, St. John's, Southwark.
Mr. Jonathan Ellifon, St. Saviour's, Ditto.
Mr. John Ellis, Bartholomew Lane.

Mr. John Farmer, Merchant in Liverpool.
Rev. Mr. Fisher, Rector of Foscot in Buckinghamshire.
Rev. Rob. P. Finch, M. A. Chaplain of Guy's Hospital,
Southwark.

John Freeman Esq. of Fawley Court, Berks, 3 Books.

Mr. John Free, Merchant in Aleppo.

Mr. Nathanael Free in Aleppo.

Mr. Samuel Free, Merchant in Hamburgh.

Mrs. Penelope Free, in Oxford.

Rev. John Fountaine, M. A. Master of the boarding School
at Marybone.

Mrs. Fountaine.

Mr. Foster, Borough of Southwark.

Mr. Charles Farrinton, St. Olave's.

Mr. William Fisher, Basinghall Street, 2 Books.

Mr. Robert Fleetwood, Bookfeller in Liverpool.

Mr. Foard, St. George's, Southwark.

Mr. Goff, St. Saviour's, Southwark.

Mr. William Glasbrook, Ditto.

Mr. Goodwin, Blackman Street, Newington Butts.

Mr. Humphry Giles, Charborough in Dorsetshire.

Mr. Matthew Grylls.

Mr. Samuel Grace Mile-end.

Mr. Robert Green, Liverpool.

Mr. Grafton, St. George's, Southwark.

Mr. Thomas Greigton, Surgeon, Ramsgate.

Mr. George James Guidott, Middle Temple.

Rev. Mr. Giffard of Kirkham in Lancashire.

Mr. Thomas Goodlee, Ratcliff Crofs.

Sir Henry Hoghton Bart. of Walton Hall Lancashire.

Mr. William Hancock Merchant in Liverpool.

Miss Sally Hope, three Crown court, Southwark.
 Master Harrison, Ditto.
 Mr. Samuel Tanfield Hawks, Fellow of Dulwich Coll.
 Mr. Rich Hale, St. Saviour's Southwark.
 Mr. William Hill, St. George's Ditto.
 Mr. Thomas Hill.
 Mr. William Hanley Bedal in Yorkshire.
 Bernard Hide Esq. Boar-place, Kent.
 Mr. Harris, Execution Dock.
 Mr. John Hulme, St. George's, Southwark.
 Mr. Rich. Hare, Limehouse.
 Rev. Mr. Henderson of Liverpool.
 John Hardman of Allerton Esq.
 Rev. Mr. Holmes M. A. Master of the Free-School at Seven
 Oaks in Kent.
 Master Stephen Hough St. Olave's Southwark.
 Captain John Hills, Ramsgate.
 Mr. Robert Hunter, Great Yarmouth.
 Mr. Tho. Hodgeson Ditto.
 Edmund Hornby Esq. of Preston in Lancashire.
 Mr. Hammond, St. Thomas Apostle's, London.

 Rev. George Jubb B. D. Chaplain to his Grace the Lord
 Archbishop of Canterbury.
 Rev. Mr. Irons, Rector of Lynsted in Kent.
 Thomas Johnson, of Liverpool Esq.
 Miss Nanny Jones, Frodsham in Cheshire.
 Mr. William Jones, St. Saviour's Southwark.
 Mr. Jefferies, Execution Dock.
 Mr. John Johnson, Ratcliff.
 Mr. John Justamond.

 Rev. Dr. Kenrick, Subdean of Westminster 2 Books.
 John Kenyon, M. D. Liverpool.
 Mr. Kendall, St. Saviour's, Southwark.
 Mr. Joseph Kinleside, St. Olave's.
 Mr. William King, Yarmouth.
 Mr. James Kenselough, Ditto.

Mr.

Richard Lateward Esq.
Miss Lawford Southwark.
Mr. Edward Leatherbarrow, Liverpool.
Mr. Leake Basinghall Street, 2 Books.
Mr. Thomas Lucas, Broad-Street Buildings.
Mr. William Leatherbarrow, Liverpool.
Miss Loftie, Canterbury.
Captain James Leith.
Mr. William Lee, Great Yarmouth.
Mr. Langton Junior of Kirkham in Lancashire.
Mr. James Laurie, Ratcliff Cross,

Wm. Mount Esq. Treasurer of St. Thom. Hospital, Southw.
Rev. Mr. Thomas Maddock M. A. Minister at St. George's,
Liverpool.
Rev. Stephen Light-Mott, M. A. Rector of Newington-Butts
and St. Michael's Royal, London.
William Moreton Esq. of Moreton in Cheshire.
Mr. Thomas Metcalf, St. John's, Southwark,
Mr. Meakin, Castle Street St. Saviour's, Southwark.
Mr. Mouniere, St. Thomas's, Southwark.
Mrs. Ann Musgrave.
Mr. Martin Manning, Tower of London,
Mr. Thomas Martin, Lad Lane,
Mr. Thomas Mills, Fenchurch Street.
Mr. Morse, Attorney at Law, in Queen-Street, Cheapside.
Rigby Molyneux Esq. Preston in Lancashire.
Miss Moses, St. Laurence, in Kent.
Mr. Robert Middleton, Ramsgate.
Miss Elizabeth Muffell, Bethnal Green.
John Mason Esq. Middle Temple.
Mrs. Maynard, Prescott Street.

Rev. Mr. Negus Rector of St. Mary Rotherhithe.
Rev. Robert Oliver, M. A. Vicar of Warton in Lancashire,
head Master of the Gram. School at Preston.
Mr. Joshua Oldroyd, Tower Hill.
Mr. Charles Oldroyd, Ditto.
Rev. Mr. Oakely of New-building in Yorkshire. Mr.

Mr. Samuel Orton, Great Yarmouth.
Mr. Robert Ogilvie, Great Yarmouth.

Rev. Mr. Peploe L. L. B. Chancellor of Chester, Archdeacon of Richmond, and Warden of Manchester Coll.

Mr. Plumer, in the Strand 2 Books.

Mr. J. Palmer, Kent Street.

Mrs. Ann Pratt, St. Thomas's Southwark.

Mr. Edmund Pipe, Tooley Street.

Miss Kitty Palmer, Soho.

Mr. Roger Peck, St. Saviour's, Southwark.

Mr. Thomas Pusey, Merch. in Liverpool.

Mrs. Paine Kenfington.

Mr. Thomas Poultney, St. John's, Southwark.

Mr. Thomas Pobjay, St. Olave's Ditto.

Mr. Peter Romero, Gibraltar.

Mr. Read St. Olave's, Southwark.

Mr. Thomas Rondeau, Ditto.

Miss Randall.

Mr. Thomas Rayner Junior, Ratcliff.

Mr. John Richardson, Duke Street Westminster 12 Books.

Mr. Michael Rone, St George's, Southwark.

Mr. Hugh Ruffel, Ditto.

Mr. Humphry Rawlings, Ratcliff.

Mr. Robert Rideing, Merchant in Liverpool.

Mr. William Rideing, Attorney Ditto.

Mr. John Roberts Yarmouth.

Mr. Rawlinson of Kirkham in Lancashire,

Mr. Thomas Ray, Ratcliff Cross.

William Steward Esq. Bailiff of the Borough of Southwark.

Rev. Mr. Spragg, M. A. Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge.

Mrs. Eleanor Spragg, Enfield.

Rev. Mr. Sandercock Clapham.

Mr. Robert Stevens, Pater-noster-Row.

Mr. Seymour Stocker Senior, Ratcliff Cross.

Mr. Seymour Stocker Junior.

Mr. John Simons Charborough, in Dorsetshire.

Mr. William Salkeld, Red Lion Street.

Mr. Francis Smith, Limehouse-hole.

Rev.

Rev. William Smith M. A. Rector of Trin. Church Chester.
Mr. George Smith, St. Saviour's, Southwark.
Mr. Rich. Smith, three Crown Court, Ditto.
Mr. Christopher Smith, St. Olave's.
Henry Smith Gent. of Preston in Lancashire.
Mr. Benjamin Shorthose, Merchant in Liverpool.
Mr. Shaw, Tooley Street, Southwark.
Mr. Isaac Siddal, St. Saviour's Ditto.
Mr. John Stanley, Batchelor of Musick, Organist of the
Temple and St. Andrew's Holbourn
Mr. Swan, Newington.
Mr. Spencer, St. George's Southwark.
Mr. William Strange Poplar.
Mr. Ed. Smith, Limehouse.
Mr. Samuel Snow, Radcliff.
Mr. Hugh Speed, Proctor of the Spiritual Court at Chester.
Mr. William Sandford of Liverpool.
Mrs. Symes, St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark.
Mr. Stapleton, St. George's, Southwark.
Miss Smith, Kennington-Lane.
William Shaw Esq. Preston in Lancashire.
John Stocke Esq. Ditto.
Mr. Thomas Sparrow.
Mr. Sadler Southwark.
Miss Molly Smith, Ramsgate.
Mr. Richard Severne, Yarmouth.
Samuel Smith Esq. Ditto.
Mr. Spooner, New-Inn, London.
Mr. Robert Smith, Broad Street.
Mr. Henry Summers, Ratcliff.

Mrs. Travers, Fenchurch Street.
Mr. George Taylor, Ratcliff Cross.
Mr. Tucker, Crutched Friars.
Mr. Christopher Tomkins, Virginia.
Mr. Thatcher, St. Thomas's, Southwark.
Mrs. Tyler, St. Lawrence, Kent.
Mr. Shadrack Tyler, of Oriel College, Oxford.
Mr. Thomas Tuck, Jewin Street, London.

Mr.

Rev. Mr. Threlfal of Kirkham in Lancashire.
Samuel Thayer Esq. Inner-Temple.

Mr. Tomkinson, of Nantwich in Cheshire.

Mrs. Tomkinson.

Mr. Thomas Tipping of Liverpool.

Mr. Joseph Valens, Liverpool.

Master Underwood, St. George's South.

Mr. David Urquhart.

Mr. Welsh, Steward of St Thomas's Hospital Southwark.

Rev. Mr Wolstenholme, Minister of St. George's Liverpool.

Mr. Whitehouse, St. Thomas's Southwark.

Mr. Wimbush, St. Saviour's Southwark.

Rev. Mr. Hen. Offley Wright, Rector of St. Peter's, Derby.

Mr. John Wright.

Mr. Witton, St. Saviour's, Southwark, 2 Books.

Mr. Thomas Webb of St. Thomas's, Southwark.

Mr. Wm. Withers.

Rev. John Watfon, M. A. Fellow of Brazen-Nose Coll.

Captain Francis Wyat, Yarmouth,

Rev. Mr. Wright of Kirkham in Lancashire.

Mr. Samuel Weaver.

Mr. Warriner, Southwark.

Benj. Price Withers Esq.

Rev. Mr. Waterhouse, Fell. of Dulwich Coll.

Mr. Peter Whitfield, Liverpool.

Mr. Wm. Willcock, Ditto.

Mr. Withers, Thames Street.

Mr. Weeks, St. Saviour's Southwark,

Mrs. Mary Whitling, Bedal Yorkshire.

Mr. Geo. Williams, Great Yarmouth.

Mr. M. Williams, M. A. St. Edmund Hall Oxon.

Rev. Edmund Yalden M. A. Rector of Newton Valence, in
Hamshire 2 Books.

N. B. The Remainder of the Names came too late to be inserted.

A D V I C E
TO THE
F A I R - S E X.

A
P O E M

Translated from the *Greek* of
N A U M A C H I U S.

First printed, in the Year, 1736.

A D V I C E

F A I R - S E X





ADVICE to the FAIR-SEX.

Translated from the Greek of NAUMACHIUS.

*LADIES, attend; from ancient Greece receive
 The Precepts, Moderns are too lewd to give.
 Who wrote these Verses, shew'd a Father's Care,
 At once admir'd, and disciplin'd the Fair;
 In Times, before kept Mistresses began,
 When Wives could win the Savage-Creature Man!
 When Maiden-Ladies not too wanton grown
 Could praise Virginity, and LIE alone.
 Ob! had he been in these DEGEN'RATE DAYS —
 But hear my Author, and approve his Lays.*

4 A D V I C E T O T H E F A I R S E X .

HAPPY the Maid, whose Body pure and chaste
 Is still by Thoughts of Innocence possess'd ;
 Who keeps her Virgin Liberty ; nor knows
 A Mother's Burthen, nor a Mother's Woes.
 No brooding Cares her easy Days perplex ;
 She sits above the Frailties of her Sex :
 By Fancy wafted here or there may feel
 The Good in ev'ry State without the Ill,
 Tho' single, be in Conversation join'd, [Mind !
 Where Thought meets Thought, the Wedlock of the

OR would my Fair, from Cares and Bus'ness free,
 Like greedy Merchants dare the troubled Sea,

Καλὸν μὲν, δέμας ἀγνὸν ἔχειν, ἀδμῆτά τε μένειν
 Παρθενικῶν, καθαροῖσί τ' αἰεὶ μελεδήμασι χαίρειν,
 Μῆτε βαρυλήτων λαγόνων πρὸ φόβου ἄγασαν,
 Μῆτε πόνου τρεμέσαν ἀγάστονον Εἰλειθέης·
 Ἄλλ' ἥαδ' βασιλείαν ἀφαιρῶν θηλυεργῶν,
 Ψυχῆς ὄμμα φαινὸν ὑπὲρ βίοτοιο χέουσιν,
 Ἐνθα γάμοι κεδνοὶ καὶ ἀληθείες, ἔνθα μιγῆσα
 Θεωπεσίῳ ἐπέεσσιν νοήματα φάεα τίχῃ.
 Εἰ δέ σε καὶ ξυνοῖο πρὸς βίοτον κίχάνει,

And

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX. 5

And turn that sad Adventurer — a Wife;
I'll be her Pilot down the Tide of Life;

LET Reason guide you, be not over-nice,
But rest contented with a Parent's Choice.
Blest is the Maid, who weds a Man of Sense:
Who takes a Fool must bear his Insolence.
To a wise Husband ev'ry Thought submit,
Nor trust a *Female Forwardness* of Wit.
If Care oppress him, gentle Words may find
A fond Acceptance, and relieve his Mind:
Your friendly Charms may mitigate his Woe,
And prove the sweetest Comfort Man can know.

Καὶ τὸτο προδαιὲς ἐρέω, πῶς χρὴ σε περῆται
Τὸν πλῆν, ὡς φασιν, τὸν δεύτερον εὐφρονι θυμῷ.
Ἐγὼ σοὶ πῶσις οὕτω, ὃν ἂν κρίνωσι τοκῆες.
Καὶ μὴ ἔη πιτυτὸς, σὺ μακαρτάτη· εἰ δὲ κεν ἄλλως
Ἀνέρα μοιρήσαιο, φέρειν ἢ τῆτον ἀνάγκη.
Ἄλλ' ὡς μὲν τις σοὶ πεπνυμένῳ ὅτι κεν εἴπῃ,
Πείθεο, μηδ' ἔσω βίῃ ἀνδρα. γίνεο δ' αὐτῷ
Μελιχίη, ἢ μᾶλλον ὅταν τι ἐκῆδ' ἰκάνῃ.
Ἀνδρὲς γὰρ ἀγαλιώντι παρσίφασίς ἐστιν ἀκοίτις.

6 ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

Affairs abroad he best will understand;

Home is the Province for a Wife's Command*.

In things of weight if he reveal his Mind,

Be sure to take the Condescension kind;

With due Attention wait till all is said;

If ought you answer, be that Answer weigh'd.

Λαίπε δέ οἱ τὰ θυρήφι, τὰ καὶ διώταται πονέεσθ.
 Σοὶ δ' οἰκωφελίην μελέτω, μέγαρόν τε φυλάσσειν.
 Μηδὲ μιν ἐξερέεινε τὰ μὴ θέμις ἐς γυναικας
 Ἰδύσθαι· εἰ δ' αὐτὸς σ' ἐθέλει συμφράδμονα θέσθαι,
 Σιώθεο μὲν τάχα μύθῳ· ἀμείβεο δ' ὅψ' ἐσὺ αὐτῷ
 Φραζομένη, καὶ μηδὲν ὑπίσχεο, μηδὲ κέλδωε

* The *Greek* expresseth yet something more than this. For it was then as fashionable to be much at home, busied in the Affairs of the Family; as it is now to be continually skipping about from Place to place, upon short visits: Tho' by the way, it is a great Instance of the Love, Ladies have for Fashions; that they could comply with a Custom so disagreeable to things of a volatile impatient Nature. The Husbands found their Account in it; they persuaded their Wives, that it was a piece of Modesty: and in compliment to them painted, over their Doors, VENUS sitting upon a Snail, an emblem of the *Inseparability* between the House and the Mistress of the House. The *Greeks* and *Romans* set themselves to invent Names for married Women, which in *English* would sound something like *House-keeper*. NAY, to gad abroad was so odious in some Places, that a *Goer forth*, the *Daughter of a Goer forth*, signified in the Language of the *Chaldees*, the same as an *Harlot*, the Daughter of an *Harlot*.

Seek

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX. 7

Seek not to alter Schemes you cannot mend,
Nor promise ought to fail him in the End.

SHE, who would shew her Prudence and her
Truth,

Desires but one, the Husband of her Youth:
No Man of Taste, or Elegance will wed
The widow'd Partner of another's Bed.
If Fate confine you to an Head-strong Fool;
The way to mend him is to let him rule:
Bear with the Evil, which you can't redress;
And by your Silence make his Follies less:
To Friend, or Parent, never once impart
The Overflowings of a Wife's sad Heart.

Σὴ βέζειν ἰότητι τὸ γὰρ τέλος ἐστὶν ἀφανρόν·
Καρδίῳ πινυτὴ πόσις ἄρκι· ἔδὲ τ' ἐκείνῳ
Δούτερ ἀθρήσει λεχέων ἀπογυμνωθεῖσαν.
Πρῶτα μὲν ἀφραίνοντ' ἀνάχαιο, καὶ γὰρ ἀνάγκη.
Πολλάκι περ καὶ νέεσθ' ἀνάχαιο, κηδομένη περ
Ἰχθεὺς δ' ἐν σέρροισι τὰ σὰ κήδεα, μὴδ' ἀγόρευε
Πᾶσιν ὅσα πρήσσει, μὴδ' ἔννεπε πάντα τοκεῦσι.

8 ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

To tell his Madnefs will increafe the Storm :
 'Tis Love muft foother, and Secrecy reform :
 From threats and Menaces will Paffion rife,
 Smooth are the Words, which make the Foolifh
 wife.

If by ill Company he's led aftray,
 Retire and give their Noife and Riot way :
 Far from the lawlefs *Bacchanals* remain,
 'Till Solitude has fober'd him again.
 Then fome fufpicion, when apart, fuggeft,
 And teach your Husband to diftrufte the reft ;
 Employ all Agents (if you would fucceed)
 Or hate, or cold indifference to breed.

Μένη δ' ἀφραδέοντα πιτυοτέρην, ἀλλὰ κατ' αἶσαν.
 Καὶ πιτυτὸν δεδάηκ' ἐρεθίζεμεν ἀνέρα λώβη.
 Πολλάκι δ' ἥπι' ἀνδρα καὶ ἀφρονα μῦθ' ἐθέλξεν.
 'Εἰ δ' ὅλοοις ἐτάροισιν ἐφροσπόμεν' κακὸς εἴη,
 Μὴ σὺ μὲν ἀντιβίβω κείνῳ, τέκ' εἰς ἔρην ἔλθης,
 'Αλλ' ἐτάρως ὅτρωε μὲν σφισι νείκεα βάλλειν.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX. 9

Do this; — the lewd Affociation ends,
One Friendship marr'd him, — but the second
mends.

A Youth perhaps he fell into the first,
Not out of Choice; — for who wou'd chuse the
worst?

Mean while on each Occasion wisely find
Some proper Blandishment to sooth his Mind.
Still make your little ones the Joy of Life,
And be as fond a Mother, as a Wife.
Those Marks of Tendernefs, your Children share,
Are shewn to him whose Progeny they are:
And few the Men so blind, or brutish born,
But know their Friends, and Love for Love re-
turn.

Ρηιδίη δ' ὁδὸς ἥδε διακρίναι Φιλότητα
Λαγαλέω, ἐτάροις ᾧ φίλον ἀγαθοῖσι χρέαται,
Καὶ πινυτοῖς. τίς γάρ κεν ἐκὼν φίλον ἄφρονα θεῖται;
Καὶ σὺ μὲν ὡς φίλον ἄνδρα καὶ ἀτρεκέως ἀγαπάει.
Γνώτω δ' ἀμφαδίω καὶ σὸς πόσις ἐπὶ κε τέκνα
Ἐκ θυμῷ Φιλέης· ἐπεὶ ἔτι γε τοῖσι ἐτύχθη,
Ὅτι φέρειν Φιλότητα καὶ ἡθεὶς πιστὰ δαῖναι.

THE

TO ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

THE prudent Woman, who would wish to please,
Must ne'er forget such useful Rules as these.
Let no light Laughter Modesty disgrace,
Nor cloudy Sadness lour upon the Face.
In some Amusement let each Day be spent,
Nor worn with Care, nor Idly-indolent.
Your House and Servants with Discretion use,
Not too severe in Discipline, nor loose:
From easy Lenity Contempt may spring,
Those Subjects honour most, who dread their
KING.

Cautious receive a Stranger's first advance,
With modest looks, and distant Complaisance:

Παρθενική σὺ δ' ἄκκε τὰ σε χρὴ πάντα φυλάσσειν.
Μήτε Φιλομμειδῆς μάλα γίγνεο, μήτε κατηφής.
Μήτ' ἔσο πάμπαν ἀεργός, αἷλις δ' ἔχε ἢ πόνον ἔργων.
Μήτε κακὴ δμάρεσι τοῖς ἔσο, μήτε μαλ' ἐσθλὴ
Φαίνεο· ῥήτεροι γὰρ αἰεί πρ πῆμα φέρονται.
ΘΑΨΕΙ· δειδιότων μάλ' ἐπικρατέεσσιν ἀνακτεῖς.
Ὅστιόν φιλότητος ἀναίνο, πρὶν κεν ἀπ' ἄλλων

Your

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX. II

Your Air may change, when others recommend
The unknown Person as a worthy Friend.

WITHIN your House no^b ancient Lady take,
'Tis strange to tell the mischiefs that they make:
Some the lewd Itch of Pleasures past retain.
And tempt the Young to act them o'er again;
Fond in old Age to have their Talent shown
By Beds defil'd, and Families undone.
Nor e'er so near you as in Friendship place
That idle dang'rous Thing a Prate-apace.

Ἐιδείης ἐτύμως μελεδήματα ἢ νόον αὐτῶν.
Μήτε γράυν ποτε σοῖσι κακὴν δέξαιο μελάθροισ'
ΠΟΛΛΩΝ γῆρας ἔπερσαν εὐκτιτα δώματα φάτων.
Μηδὲ μὲν ἀκερτόμυθον ἑταίρ' ὄσαιο γυναικαί.

^b The Character of the old Women here mentioned, I believe, is scarce to be met with in *England*. They seem to have been such a Sett, as, the *Duennas* in *Spain*: Persons, who, under the notion of *Gouvernesses* to young Women, often assist them in their Intrigues, start an Amour, and take the Direction of it upon themselves. I do not know whether there be any Ladies in *Great-Britain*, who, after a Youth of gay Living, have in their Old Age Leisure enough from their Cards, to imitate this sort of People.

12 ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

Such with their many Words much Ill impart,
Corrupt the Ear, and steal into the Heart.

WHAT Fondness Girls for Finery express?
Oh! 'tis a Torment not to talk of Dress——
Some the rich load of Golden Trappings wear
Or in a blaze of Precious Stones appear.
The wise will chuse a Decency of Dress,
Not more than suits their Quality, nor less:
Nor be like those, who all the Day would pass
To please their Pride, and idolize the Glass;
Curl, and uncurl a Favourite in the Hair,
Or quarrel with a Patch and fix it——*There!*

ΚΕΔΝΑ' κακοὶ φθείρῃσι γυναικῶν ἡ θεὰ μῦθος.
Μὴ σύ ποτε χεὺτῶ πειμαίνεις, μήτ' ἐπὶ δειρῆς
Πορφύρελῳ ὑάκινθον ἔχῃς, ἢ χλαρὸν ἰάσπιν,
Τοῖς ἐπὶ φυσίῳσι δαλίφρονες. ἀλλὰ σὺ κόσμος,
Παρθένε, τηύσις μὴ δάεο, μηδὲ κατόπτρῳ
Χεὶρὶ διακρίνῃσα τελὺ αὐγάζεο μορφῶν.
Μηδὲ κόμης περὶ ἀλλὰ πολυχεδέας πλέκε σειρής.

The Greek is literally thus: *Do not admire your Beauty in the Glass separating* (he means the Hair) *with your Hand, nor weave it too curiously in Braidings; nor black your Eyes under the Eye-lids.* As these Customs are some of them out of use amongst us,

Let no false Colours on your Cheeks be spread,
Or faint *Cosmeticks* soil the native Red:
Nature is ever to the Fair a Friend,
Nor leaves her Workmanship for them to mend.

AH! think, unwary Nymph, how ill you please
A wise Man's Judgment by such Arts as these:
Who sees you still at each return of Day
Strive to reform your Tenement of Clay,

Μηδὲ μέλαινε τεοῖσιν ὑπο βλεφάροισιν ὀπωπᾶς·
Οὐ γὰρ θηλυτέρας δέμας ᾗπασεν ἡμιτέλεσον
Μορφὴν, ὅφρα ἢ ἄλλα περὶ χροὶ τεχνήσαιντο.
Πῶς δ' ἂν, κῆρα, διώαιο δαήμονι φῶτι φανῆναι,
Θνητὸν ἐφημερίῃ κομιδῇ χροῖα ποικίλλεσσαι;

I have made bold with such as are correspondent to them. The Custom of blacking the lower Eye-lids (which answers to that of the *French Ladies* colouring their Cheeks) was very much in use among the Eastern Nations, as hath been observed by Dr. *Hutchinson* in his notes upon *Xenophon*: The same is meant of *Jezabel*, 2 Kings, ix. 30. What our Translators render, *She Painted her Face* is by the *Septuagint* rendred more agreeably to the Original, *She Coloured her Eyes with Black-Lead*.

The word (διακρίναι) *Separating* is, in a Passage of *Plutarch*, cited in the above mention'd Notes, expressly applied to the Hair. (καὶ κόμης διακρίσει.) This Custom is in some Measure preserved by the Curls, the Ladies wear upon their Foreheads, which (if I mistake not) are called *Favourites*.

And

14 A D V I C E T O T H E F A I R S E X.

And laughs to meet the light Fantaſtick Dame

In various ſhapes, another and the ſame.

Ἐξ ἐτέρης ἐτέρῳ σε καὶ ἄλλῳ ἄλλοτε λύσαι,
Φαινομένη πολλῇσι μίαν μορφήσι γυναῖκα.

ADDRESSED TO
The King's Majesty,
and the COURT,
UPON THE
MARRIAGE

Of her ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Princess of *ORANGE*,

And intended for the *Oxford* Collection of
Verses printed on that Occasion.

ADDRESSED TO
The King's Majesty
and the Court,

UPON THE
MARRIAGE

Of her Royal Highness
The Princess of ORANGE,

And intended for the Oxford Collection of
Verses printed on that Occasion.



ADDRESSED TO
 The King's Majesty,
 and the COURT,
 UPON THE
 Marriage of the Princess of ORANGE.

WHEN *Justice*, and when *Prudence* guard
 the Throne,

When all the KINGLY *Virtues* meet in one ;

When *Mercy* tells from whence their Pow'r is
 giv'n,

And Monarchs rule like Delegates of *Heav'n* :

C

Then

Then their loud Praises happy Subjects bring,
 And own a *Father*, him they hail a KING;
 Then each will strive his Gratitude to prove,
 Each give some Pledge, and Token of his Love.
 The *Merchant* brings the Treasures of the *Main*,
 His *Fruits* the *Husbandman*, his *Lamb* the *Swain*,
 And pleas'd their Tribute at his Feet to lay,
 They kiss the Scepter and with Joy obey.

WE too (to whom thy Favour has consign'd
 Far other *Arts*, the *Labours* of the *Mind*)
 To thee our *Athens* her best Gifts affords,
 Her warmest Sentiments, her choicest Words.
 Let *Cæsar* deign our Off'ring to receive,
 To thee, dread Sov'reign, what we have, we give.
 To thee our Youth begin the Song of Praise,
 And all our *Muses* all their Voices raise.
 Tho' fond the Thought, thy Glory to augment,
 Virtue like thine is with itself content,

Above

Above Encomiums to set it forth ;
 It shines most perfect in it's native Worth.
 This one plain Truth exceeds the highest Strain,
 Here *George* and *Justice*, *Wisdom*, *Mercy* reign.

O *Fred'rick*, when thy Sire resigns his Throne,
 May these his Arts of Empire be thy own,
 May'st thou, like him, contending Nations hear,
 Judge the *World's* cause, and order PEACE, or WAR.
 Already *Britain* views thy gen'rous Mind,
 Thy Pity to the Woes of human kind.
 Who sit in Misery thy *Goodness* feel,
 The sighing wretched of thy *Bounty* tell:
 'Tis the same Spirit, that is good, and brave,
 Who helps a *Subject* will a *Kingdom* save.

AND thou, bright Nymph, whom *Fred'rick's* Fates
 approve
 For Partner of his *Empire* and his *Love*;

When Time on Thee shall fix th' Imperial Crown,
 And *these* great *Kingdoms* thy Protection own;
 When a Young Troop of future Kings demand
 Thy watchful Eye, and educating Hand,
 Remember her Example, who so late
 Made Kingdoms *happy*, and their Princes *great*.
 Her Conduct sage review, and yet review,
 And let all *Caroline* revive in you.

THREE happy *Queen*, in equal Wedlock join'd,
 The chief of Man, and chief of Womankind.
 Heav'n fought thee, *Caroline*, the good, the great,
 The Wife, the Parent, and the Queen compleat,
 Heav'n fought thee, *Caroline*, and bid thy Love
 A common Good, the World's great Blessing
 prove:

Bid from thy sweet Embrace bright *Anna* rise,
 Bid *Orange* come and snatch the Lovely Prize.



Orange!

Orange! a Name with Joy remember'd * here,
 For ever honour'd, and for ever dear.
 As wise and good may some brave Prince be led
 A blooming Confort to *Amelia's* Bed:
 And such (when best disposing Heav'n shall give)
 May all *Britannia's* Princesses receive,
 O had kind Fate but shewn them to my View,
 My ending Song should here break forth anew:
 And pleas'd, thro' all the *Royal* Line I'd trace,
 Th' Illustrious Authors of the noble Race.
 The Marks of Majesty—the winning Air—
 And Mother's Wisdom in the Daughters fair.
 The martial *Genius* of the younger Son,
 Fond of the Lawrels, which his Sire has won;
 And prompt, like him, his Bosom to oppose,
 To Foes of *Liberty*, and *Britain's* Foes.

NOR you, great Statesmen, would the Friendly
 Muse

The useful Tribute of her Heart refuse;

* The Prince Stadtholder did the University of *Oxford* the Honour of a Visit, and received from them a Doctor of Laws Degree.

There is a *Pow'r*, whose universal Sway,
 Star above Star unnumber'd Worlds obey,
 Whose Hands direct the wand'ring Globe aright,
 Now give it Darkness, and now give it Light,
 Who sees what Projects distant Realms devise,
 And oft confounds the Wisdom of the Wise;
 Or (where their Labours to his Glory tend)
 Leads remote Counsels to their destin'd End:
 By him direct your Aims; his Will your guide
 No *Force* can shake you, and no *Strife* divide.



Three Copies of VERSES
UPON THE
Death of the late QUEEN.

Printed in the *Oxford* Collection.

DIVA, si Nostræ Tibi Cura restet,
Si Tuum tangant Animum peractæ
Res adhuc vitæ; miseros Tuorum
Respice Luctus.
Inde Te quanti facerent Britanni,
Quam colunt vera Pietate cernas;
Publicum nuper Decus, occidisti
Publica Cura.

Cæsarem cuius tremuère Nomen
 Barbaræ Gentes, Lacrymæ obruerunt
 Cæsarem, hoc uno licuit videre
 Vulnere victum.

Ut queas Molem hanc, *Frederice* Princeps,
 Sustinere? Eheu! Minor ille Natu
 Ut ferat Lucem genetricis Almæ
 Fata revolvens?

Læte, Vos, quondam Chorus, O Puellæ
 Regiæ, quantos Gemitus cietis,
 Quis Deus ludos hilaremque vitam
 Turbat iniquus?

Cum Tuum Funus, *Carolina*, Conjux
 Urgeat Fletu, Domus omnis urget ;
 Civis ah, sacræ Lacrymam fidelem
 Admisceat Urnæ!

על מות מלכה טבה כארולינא שיר עברי בדרך להנמן
כיכאסתר:

מה זאת אשר שמעתי
צעקה מרה מאד
מדוע תשב בוכית
על נהרות תמישיש
בתולה בת בריתנא
אוי מתה אם העמים
מות מתה כארולינא
מי יהיה אחרית
לנחמת מלכנו
או ישועת מלכויות

Εἰς τὴν τῆς Βασιλείας τελευτήν.

Ολωλε Φῆυ ἄγασα
Ιμερτάτη γυναικῶν
Γαμέτης μὲν, ὥς τε τρήρων
Ἡ ἱζάνει ἐπ' ὄζοις,
Μόνος χέει ὀδυρμόν.
Αὐτᾷ δὲ οἱ νεοασοὶ
Μητρὸς ποθῇ ἀπάσης
Μινυρὴν ἱῆσι Φωνήν.
Λευκοπτέρω δὲ μήτης
Ερασμὴ πέλεια
Τὰ ἔραν' ἔφρον' ἔσα
Φύγε μακρὸν εἰς Οὐμπον.

The Greek Verses, which are written in Imitation of
Anacreon, have been thus translated into *English*.

IN our gentle QUEEN are lost
All the Charms, that Women boast,
Like the *Turtle* on the Boughs
Mourns her solitary Spouse: .
And her drooping pining Young,
Finding her away so long,
In a sadly-plaintive Strain,
Still demand her back again,
But the Mother took her Flight,
Spotless Dove of Silver-white;
Upward still and tow'ring high,
To the Regions of the Sky.





T H E
K I T T E N,
A F A B L E.

A Wanton Kitten highly bred
 Fondled and delicately fed,
 Was on her Game so fully set,
 She jump'd on ev'ry Thing she met:
 Would play her Tricks before you thought,
 Spit in your Face——* and tear your Coat.

* She did so by the Author.—The Proprietor of the Kitten had it in his Power, not long since, to have given him a full Suit in Return; but while he foolishly stood expecting, another Fellow ran away with the Cloaths.

W H E N

WHEN Time for other Sports was come,
Madam full soon elop'd from Home,
Follow'd her Mate the Lord knows where,
And was not heard of far and near:
Till being soundly claw'd and bitten,
Kitten at length produc'd a Kitten.

You'd smile to see the Change it wrought,
Her countenance seem'd full of Thought,
She whin'd, she purr'd—She lay'd along,
And roll'd in Fondness o'er her young.
Which grew apace, and partly rear'd,
To save her Trouble, disappear'd.

THE Want of Care produces Riot,
Madam could not remain at Quiet,
The Nursery remov'd away,
She fell prepost'rously to play,

A Mo-

THE KITTEN.

69

A Mother's Gravity forgot,
And frisk'd, and gambol'd, and what not.
By chance across her way there came
Grimalkin, purblind, grave, and lame,
An ancient Cat, that all the Day
Would wink and doze her Time away.
Kitten must needs exchange a Cuff,
But met a terrible Rebuff:
Grimalkin, with a savage Roar,
Tumbled poor Kitten o'er and o'er,
And spit and bit, and in the Stir
Stript her half naked of her Fur.
Kitten escaping, tho' too late,
Endeavour'd to expostulate:
Methinks said she 'tis very hard—
Good Humour should have this Reward——
I meant a little Play—your Sense
Might bear with my Impertinence;
For this to treat one with such Rigour,
And tear one thus—Lord, what a Figure?

Grimalkin

THE KITTEN.

Grimalkin answer'd to all that,
Kitten, 'tis Time you grew a Cat.

M O R A L.

WHEN a Young Lady's made a Wife,
Her Station claims a Change in Life;
The Liberties of younger Years,
Will not consist with Household Cares,
Those who will take them, in the Event
May find Occasion to repent;
According who they are beset with,
They may come off, or may be met with.



THE
Formation of WOMAN,
A F A B L E.

Written (above twenty Years since) for a Friend to a Young Lady, who, though not personally known to him, took upon her to answer a Letter of his to a Relation. In her Answer, amongst other Raillery, there was this Sentence: “ I suppose you made
“ use of your Learning to pose a silly Woman,
“ who can be even with you, in her turn, and call
“ you a mere Pedant.”

IN Days of Yore, as Poets tell,
An oddish Accident befel:

Jove

32 THE FORMATION OF WOMAN,

Jove with a formal Proclamation

Alarm'd the Gods of every Station ;

“ That having weigh'd it at his Leisure

“ It was Highness' Will and Pleasure.

“ As Gods above, so Men below,

“ Should Female conversation know.

“ That *Vulcan* should the *Wonder* frame,

“ Which we poor mortals Woman Name.”

Delays of Things may change their Course,

The Act was straightway put in Force ;

All hie them to the Place appointed,

Where *Vulcan* soon a *Baby* jointed.

But no Appearance of a *Wife* in't,

The God had only just put Life in't.

WHEN *Venus*, starting from her Car,

I need not tell you she was there,

Clasp'd pretty *Missy* in her Arms,

And by her Touch imparts her Charms.

The

THE FORMATION OF WOMAN. 33

The Airs of boarding-Schools inspires,
And all that *Beaus*, and *Foplings* fires;
The Ogle, Lisp, and Furl of Fan,
To pose the silly Creature Man.

Thus had she Airs, but seem'd to want Age,
To use them to the best Advantage;
When *Juno*, stately Dame, drew near,
Kiss'd her and taught her to be *queer*;
An Air of Stiffness strait is seen,
The distant Frown, and bridled Chin.

This *Pallas* saw, and laughing said,
'Tis mine to make th' *Accomplish'd* Maid.
The Charms my Sisters here bestow
May serve to captivate a Beau,
Lads, that are given to their Book,
Will each poor Artifice o'erlook:
Call the light giddy Creature Fool,
And turn her Airs to ridicule:
But lest the Book Worms grow too val'ant,
I'll give the Gipsy such a Talent:

34 THE FORMATION OF WOMAN.

A Wit so nicely form'd to teaze,
And by a sweet Perverseness please:
That, where her wily Charms shall fail
To get an Husband, let her rail.

THE Poet's fancied legend you
Demonstrate plainly to be true.
Tho' yet your Beauty is unknown,
A more prevailing Charm I own,
A Charm on which the FABLE hit,
As most alluring — *Female Wit*.
Hath made — In short the Truth be said on't,
A Lover, whom you call'd a *Pedant*.

THE



THE
CONCERT,
A SATIRE.

Occasioned by an Uproar, which happen'd in *Christ Church-Hall* in *Oxford* during the Time of the Musick-Meeting *March*, 22, 1728-9.

BEHOLD the Pow'r of long-revolving Years:
How chang'd from *Christ-Church* *Christ-Church*
self appears !

D 2

Here

36 THE CONCERT A SATIRE.

Here on the Spot, where * *Aldrich* kept the Field;
 Where *Locke* compel'd unwilling *Fell* to yield;
 And all the jarring Disputants were found:
 The soft Flute warbles, and the Viols found.
 Hail happy Place the *Muse's* fam'd Retreat!
 Nor less the *Grace's* than the *Muse's* Seat:
 Witness the Nymphs, which to thy Hall repair,
 Such Love for Men or Musick have the Fair.
 Reluctant Muse, what Secret Cause invites,
 The grave Divine to join in *Cupid's* Rites?
 What B C mov'd unnat'ral Arms to bear,
 And spurn the Gown he once was proud to wear?

Religion's Sons of whose all-Heav'nly Days,
 Pray'r was the *Bus'ness*, and the Pleasure Praise;
 Who all the *Lent* on slender Diet fed,
 Nor drank Rack-Punch, nor e'er went late to Bed;

* Three famous *Logicians*.

Had

THE CONCERT A SATIRE. 37

Had long enjoy'd an Holy calm Repose,
Till late conven'd a restless Doubt arose.

- “ In vain we boast, Religious (A B) cry'd,
“ Our Christian Strength the Tempter's Force untry'd.
“ What Charms of Beauty, what Allurements come
“ Within the *Convent's* solitary Gloom?
“ Attempt the daring Enterprize I show,
“ And each his Weakness or his Strength shall
 know.
“ Let needy * *Wareing* from each Post and Wall
“ His brainless Patrons to a *Concert* call;
“ There the Vain World in all it's Pomp appears,
“ And ev'ry Object some Delusion wears.”
“ There moving Sounds with Beauty's Charms con-
 spire,

* *Wareing* a Musician, was a Person of great skill in his Profession, but it was his Misfortune to live and die very poor. The Method of advertising a Concert of Musick at *Oxford*, is by sticking up Papers at every Post and Corner.

38 THE CONCERT A SATIRE.

" To lull th' unguarded Soul, and wake desire ;
 " There by the Candle's Eye-deceiving Light,
 " The Painted Sinners seem divinely bright.
 " Sure in their Thoughts each Gazer to enslave,
 " They roll their lustful Eyes, and naked Bosoms
 heave.
 " But be each *Phryne's** vanity subdu'd,
 " Their Ogles pointless, and their Smiles withstood,
 " And you yourselves most lifeless Logs of Wood." }

PROVOK'D by this each *Saint* forsook his Cell,
 Nor other Cause the *Muse* vouchsafes to tell.

BUT (B C's) Breast far other Thoughts employ,
 Far other Raptures of unholy Joy.
 With careful (E) no longer he'll dispense,
 E'en Charms enjoy'd will pall upon the Sense:

* This alludes to the Story of *Phryné* the famous *Athenian* Courti-
 zan, and a Philosopher at *Athens*, who withstanding all her Temp-
 tations, she pronounced him to be a *Log*, and not a *Man*.

Surely,

THE CONCERT A SATIRE. 39

Surely, said he, where all Things favour Love,
 This ruddy Cheek or sparkling Eye may move.
 But Love unlook'd for Aid his Vot'ries brings,
 With sudden Roar behold the Lobby rings.
 The fidling Pimp, who beg'd Admission late,
 With Foppish Pertness now, commands the Gate.
 The powder'd Beggar gen'rous * JACKS disdain,
 Collect their Strength and wonted Entrance gain.
 This happy Moment joyful (B C) knew,
 Might set his Worth conspicuous to the View.
 With Bromestick brandish'd o'er his Holy Head,
 A formidable Troop of † PRO's he led,
 What Eyes O! (B C) then on thee were turn'd!
 What Lovely Bosoms for thy Safety burn'd!
 The JACKS astonish'd shun the conqu'ring Sight,
 Crowds roll down crowds precipitant in Flight;

* A Nick-Name among the Vulgar for an Order of Young Men in the University generally called *Servitors*.

† PRO's a Common Name for the Pro-proctors, a terrible sort of People.

40 THE CONCERT A SATIRE.

Thus when at Sea two whirling Winds oppose,
And *East* and *West* in wild *Tornados* close,
Confus'dly driv'n the troubled Waters rise,
Waves mount o'er Waves, and foaming dash the
Skies.

Yet midst their Rage if *Neptune* lift his Head,
Aw'd by the God the mighty Tumult's laid.
The Clouds disperse and leave a Void serene,
Without a Spot the whole *Horizon's* seen,

ANA-

ANACREON; Ode XVI.

SINCE Poets nought but Wars rehearse;
 War be the Subject of my Verse;
 Not those which *Thebes* in Ruins laid,
 Or *Phrygia* strew'd with Heaps of Dead.

XVI.

Εἰς Ἑαυτὸν.

Σὺ μὲν λέγεις τὰ Θήβης,
 Ὅ δ' αὖ Φρυγῶν αὐτάς,

* *Anacreon* a famous Greek Poet was born about the Second Year of the 55th Olympiad at *Teös* a City of *Ionia*, whither the *Athenians* had sent a Colony. He was descended of one of the noblest Families at *Athens*. He lived in great Honour in the Court of *Polycrates*, the Tyrant or King of *Samos*, at that Time a Powerful Prince by Sea, and was of signal Service to him in matters of Government. His Verses were of the *Lyrick* kind, or such as were sung to the Harp. The Measure he used was very musical, and is called from him *Anacreöntic*; there is a vast Simplicity and Ease in his Words and Thoughts, but he dwells too much upon some Subjects, which are apt to make People think him a Man more addicted to Vice and Pleasure than some allow he was. He appears by his Medals, to have been a Person of chearful Countenance, but with a decent Mixture of Gravity. His End affords us a Melancholy Reflection upon the Frailty of human Life. For the Vine, he so much admires, and praises in his Verses, produced with the Liquor he loved, the *Grape Stone*, which, tho' a Thing so seemingly incapable of doing Violence, was to him the Cause of a sudden Death.

Far

Far dearer Woes to me belong,
 My own Destruction is my Song.
 Nor *Fleets* with Death and Terrors fraught,
 Nor *Horse*, nor *Foot* my Ruin wrought,
 But a New Army from the Eye,
 Gave me the Wounds, by which I die.

Ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὰς αἰώσεις.
 Οὐχ ἵππος ὤλεσέν με,
 Οὐ πτεζός, ἔχ' ἡ νῆς.
 Στρατὸς δὲ καινὸς ἄλλος,
 Ἀπ' ὀμμάτων βαλὼν με.

ANACREON, Ode XXI.

GOOD Women, fill me out a Bowl,
 Enough to quench a Thirsty Soul,
 Drunk up by Heat, and parch'd to Death,
 This Weather makes one pant for Breath!
 Give me fresh Garlands, if you please,
 For my hot Brow has wither'd these.
 Give me — but where is such a Shade?
 Thick and impenetrable made,

XXI.

Εἰς Ἑαυλόν.

Δότε μοι, δότ', ὦ γυναῖκες,
 Βρομὶς πιεῖν ἀμυσί.
 Ὑπὸ καύματος γὰρ ἤδη
 Προποθεὶς ἀνασθενάζω.
 Δότε δ' ἀνθέων ἐκείνων
 Στεφάνους, οἷος πυκάζω,
 Τὰ μέτωπά μ' ἐπικάει.

And

And cool enough, a Fence to prove
Against the Scorching Heat of Love.

Τὸ δὲ καῦμα τῶν Ἐρώτων,
Κραδίη, τίμη σκεπάσω;



A N

IMITATION,

O F

HORACE, Book IV. Ode V.

Humbly inscribed to his Royal Highness the DUKE
of CUMBERLAND upon his defeat of the REBEL
ARMY in *Scotland*.

BY Heaven's decree for *Britain's* safety born,
Young, gen'rous GUARDIAN of the Church
and State,

Victorious to our wishes, now return ;
Return, and make our Happiness compleat.

DIVIS orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu :
Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
Sancto concilio, redi.

You

You broke the Clouds, that gather'd o'er our Heads,
 As Spring dispels the Winter of the Year;
 Your presence universal Gladness spreads,
 And gives the Day *to please*, the Sun *to chear*.

As the fond Mother for her darling Son,
 Whose vent'rous Youth hath driven him to Sea,
 If chance a Year, or so, he hath been gone,
 Or to *Cape Breton*, or to *Coast and Bay*:

Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ:
 Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
 Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
 Et soles meliùs nitent.

Ut mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
 Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
 Cunctantem spatio longius annuo
 Dúlci distinet à domo,

Can never rest, and ceases ne'er to pray,
 With Eyes still fixt upon the winding Strand,
 And hopes, and fears, — yet thinks he'll come that
 Way——

Such, *William*, is the Fondness of this Land. —

Fondness you well deserve—for now the Steer
 Wanders secure about the Farmer's Ground,
 Who reckons on the Harvest of the Year,
 Nor fears the Hostile Ships to *Scotland* bound.

Votis, ominibusque & precibus vocat,

Curvo nec faciem littore dimovet :

Sic desideriiis icta fidelibus

Quærit patria Cæsarem.

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat :

Nutrit rura Ceres, almaque Faustitas :

Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ :

Culpari metuit fides.

Now

Now shall *good Faith*, and CREDIT rear her Head;
 For all the Blessings Providence hath given,
 An universal Reformation spread:
 And *English* Reprobates look up to Heaven.

What tho' upon the neighb'ring Continent,
France pour her num'rous Armies once again,
 Who is there now that's fearful for th' Event,
 Or thinks at all about the War with *Spain*?

Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris:
 Mos, & lex maculosum edomuit nefas:
 Laudantur simili prole puerperæ:
 Culpam pœna premit comes.

Quis Parthum paveat? Quis gelidum Scythen?
 Quis Germania quos horrida parturit
 Fœtus, incolumi Cæsare? Quis feræ
 Bellum curet Iberiæ?

Each Man in Peace possessing Hill or Dale,
 Now forms his Arbor, and now prunes his Trees,
 At Dinner of the Rebels tells his Tale,
 And thanks DUKE WILLIAM with an Heart at
 ease.

Then cries *God bless him!* and his Bumper crown'd
 To *King*, and *Prince*, and *Duke*, he sends about:
 So the brown Bowls, our Fathers drank, went round,
 When *Edward*, and when *Harry* marched out.

Condit quisque diem collibus in suis,
 Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores.
 Hinc ad vina redit lætus, & alteris
 Te mensis adhibet Deum.

Te multâ prece, te prosequitur mero
 Defuso pateris; & Laribus tuum
 Miscet numen, uti Græcia Castoris
 Et magni memor Herculis.

Go on, BRAVE DUKE, new Triumphs to procure,
Great as from * *Cressy* and from † *Agincour*,
So prays thro' *Britain* ev'ry HONEST Fellow,
At Morn when sober, and at Night when mellow.

Oxford, April 28, 1746.

Longas ô utinam, Dux bone, ferias
Præstes Hesperiaë, dicimus integro
Sicci mane die : dicimus uvidi,
Cùm Sol Oceano subest.

* *Cressy is famous for a Victory obtained over the French by Edward the Black Prince.*

† *Agincourt, for another obtained by Henry V.*

A N

IMITATION,

O F

H O R A C E, Book III. Ode VI.

Written about the Time that Sir JOHN NORRIS lay
Wind-bound at *Spithead* before the Overthrow at
Cartagena.

I.

BOLD *English* Hearts, our Sons to come,
How hard, how heavy is your Doom?
All your Forefathers Crimes to bear!
Till you the mould'ring Fanes shall rear,
And Temples black with Smoke repair.

DELICTA majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris,
Ædesque labentes Deorum, &
Fœda nigro simulacra fumo,

E 2

O! print

II.

O! print this Maxim on your Soul ;
That 'tis Religion makes you rule,
Till sinful *Britain* shall relent ;
Heav'n hath it's complicated Vengeance sent
In War, and Poverty, and Discontent.

III.

What shame to say from *France* and *Spain*
Three Fleets have cross'd the rugged Main :
While Winds or Fate or Folly stopt our Course ;
And *St. Sebastian's* braves the *British* Force.

Diis te minorem quod geris, imperas.
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.

Dii multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiaë mala luctuosæ.

Jam bis Monæses, & Pacori manus
Non auspicatos contudit impetus
Nostros, & adjecisse prædam
Torquibus exiguis renidet.

IV.

IV.

The City into various Factions rent
Hath on it's self it's idle Fury spent :
While on our Beach the *Spanish* Pirate moors ;
And *France* destroys by Tricks and Overtures.

V.

The Age alas ! abounds with Crimes :
Adulteries first stain'd the Times ;
From which polluted Fountain flow
Wide spreading Streams of far—infecting Woe
On Peers, on Commoners, on high and low.

Pænè occupatam seditionibus
Delevit urbem Dacus & Æthiops ;

Hic classe formidatus, ille
Missilibus melior sagittis,

Fœcunda culpæ sæcula, nuptias
Primum inquinavere, & genus, & domus,

Hoc fonte derivata clades

In patriam populumque fluxit.

VI.

Our Daughters taught from infancy to sin
With their *French* breeding suck the Poison in,
See the lewd Flirt her wanton Step advance,
Caught with the Motion of some smutty Dance,

VII.

View her mature upon the Stage of Life,
And from the Boarding School commenc'd a Wife ;
In her first Frolicks she conceals her Spark,
Waits till her Husband's drunk, or for the Dark,

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, & fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, & incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

Mox juniores quærit adulteros
Inter mariti vina : neque eligit
Cui donet impermissa raptim
Gaudia, luminibus remotis.

VIII.

VIII.

But after, tip the Wink, she'll rise,
 And Act the Crime before his Eyes.
 Whilst he poor Cully seems to snore,
 A *Spaniard* or *Exciseman* raps the Door;
 A *Spaniard*, *Briton*, makes thy Child a Whore,
 And purchases thy Shame with Money once thy
 Store.

IX.

You cannot think the gen'rous Brood,
 Who dy'd the Seas with Hostile Blood,

Sed iussa coram non sine conscio
 Surgit marito, seu vocat infitor,
 Seu navis Hispanæ magister,
 Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

Non his juvenus orta parentibus
 Infecit æquor sanguine Punico;

The *Spanish* and * *Sicilian* Seas,
E'er sprung from Parents such as these:
Or those, who in *Eliza's* Reign;
Hid the *Armada* in the Main.

X.

Those were another Race of Men,
We scarce may see their like agen;
Not *petit Maîtres*, tender Creatures,
Proud like the Girls of pretty Features:
But sturdy, honest, and downright,
Who *work'd* all Day, and *slept* all Night.

Pyrrhumque, & ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Hannibalemque dirum:

Sed rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Versare glebas, & severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos

* The Author refers to the famous Expedition to *Sicily* under the
Conduct of Admiral *Byng*,

The

XI.

The *English* Mother then a Dame,
Saw that her Children went and came;
Not from the Dancing School as now,
But to cleave Wood and drive the Plough,
Nor told her Boys their Work was done,
Till they beheld the setting Sun,
When they dismiss'd the weary Beast,
Then sup'd themselves and went to Rest.

XII.

Thus ev'ry Age and every Clime,
Must feel the Injuries of Time;

Portare fustes; Sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras, & juga demeret

Bobus fatigatis, amicum

Tempus agens, abeunte curru.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit

Our

Our Fathers from their Sires declin'd
And left an half-strain Breed behind,
'The Generation next will be
Worse, if 'tis possible, than we,

Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.



STIGAND:
OR, THE
ANTIGALLICAN.

A
P O E M,
IN
MILTONIC VERSE.

*Utcunque ferant ea facta Minores,
Vincet amor patriæ.*———VIRGIL Lib. vi.

STIGAND:

OF THE

ANTHROPOLOGICAL

P. O. E. M.

IN

MILITONIC VARSSE

THE
LIBRARY

TO THE
Right Hon. the Lord CARPENTER,
GRAND PRESIDENT;
THE RIGHT HON.

The Countess of MIDDLESEX;
The Right Hon. Lady CARPENTER,
HONORARY SISTERS;

STEPHEN THEODORE JANSSEN Esq.
Alderman and Member of Parliament for the City
of *London* Late GRAND PRESIDENT;

WILLIAM BELCHIER Esq.
Member of Parliament for the Borough of *Southwark*,
And President of the *Borough Association* of ANTIGALLICANS:

THIS
P O E M,

In Praise of that *Laudable Institution*,

Is Humbly and Affectionately

Inscribed by a Brother,

Newington Butts,
November 5, 1750.

The AUTHOR.

TO THE

Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor

GRAND JURY

THE RIGHT HON.

The Council of Ministers;

The Right Hon. Lady Campbell

HONORARY

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE

THE LORDS OF THE



STIGAND;

OR, THE

ANTIGALLICAN.

UNTINSEL'D be this Verse, nor tagg'd with
Rhime,

Which trims the very Comedies of *France*.

In *English* Numbers free, and unconfi'd,

Like those, which *English* MILTON erst admir'd,

Let me pour forth my Soul uncheck'd, and give,

Unbounded, my Affection to the Friends

Of *English* Liberty, those Noble Souls!

Who wisely for our jarring *Britons* found
The Name of UNION, *Antigallican*.

FOES to *ourselves*, too long to *Faction* FRIENDS,
We had forgot the NAME, which suits us all.
Thus Neighbours to a Land, which aims at Pow'r
With *British* Freedom incompatible.
Insidious still from ancient Times she views
With mischievous Intent this happy Isle,
Scatt'ring Diffension, and dividing those,
Whom *Nature*, *Blood*, or *Birth-place* have made
ONE:

Or watching some unguarded Place, or Time,
Makes a Descent unlook'd for, so to take
Her ablest, yet her most *unthinking* Foe.
Unhappy * *Harold*, once an ENGLISH King,
Renown'd in Arms, you felt these *double* Snares,

* HAROLD, the second of that Name, and Thirty-eighth Monarch of *English Men*, Son of Earl *Goodwin*; a Person of excellent Parts, and approved Valour, say our Historians. He had just de-

When

When the intruding *Norman* rest your Crown,
 Laid by the Chance of War untimely low,
 And with it, for a Time, our Liberty.
 Yet in our prostrate and divided State,
 When vulgar Minds are prone to Servitude,
 To save from total Ruin and Revolt
 There rose up one (in Form, perhaps, and Speech
 And Resolution not unlike to him,
 Who lately train'd the Sons of § *Eofer-wick*,

feated, totally, in the North of *England*, a great Army from *Norway*, and slain both their King and his Brother, who, according to *Crantzius*, were in a Plot with the Duke of *Normandy*, to favour his Descent. *English* *HAROLD* thinking, after this great Victory, that all Danger was over from Foreigners, had begun to disband his Army, when, hearing that the *Normans* were arrived in the *South*, he halted, all weary and bloody, saith the Historian, (*for that it seemeth to have been but seven Days after the aforesaid Battle*) to encounter Duke *William* and the *Normans* from *France*, when meeting them near *Hastings*, in *Sussex*, his weary Troops were, after long fighting, by a Stratagem, put into Disorder, and himself shot by an Arrow in the Eye.

§ *Eofer-wick*, or *Euor-wick*, the ancient *English* Name of *York*. In the Time of the late Rebellion, his present *GRACE* of *Canterbury* filled that See, and was therein one principal Instrument of saving his Country, being the first *Affociator*, and conducting, by his Pre-

When their fleet Coursers bore them to the North
 Against the Foes of *Britain*, (both in Worth
 Alike, tho' yet in Time, more ancient One)
Stigand, the first of ANTIGALLICANS,
 Begirt with Men of *Kent* and moving Woods,
 Surrounds the *Bastard-Duke*; whose Fright but ill
 Accorded with the Name of *Conqueror*,
 A Title which the *Traitor-English* gave:
 But *Stigand* other Terms and Titles us'd.
 For now the venerable Sage approach'd
 Before him (Emblem still of LIBERTY.)
 High on his Banner leap'd the *Kentish* * Horse.

fence, the Force and Counsels of the great, loyal, and opulent Province of *Yorkshire*; the Gentlemen whereof formed themselves into a gallant Body of Horse, under the Name of the *Yorkshire-Hunters*. His Grace, for his singular Love to his Country, is here compared with *Stigand*, the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, who saved the *Men of Kent* from the Usurpation and Oppressions of the Duke of *Normandy*.

* The Arms of KENT are the *White-Horse salient in a red Field*, which they had from HENGIST, who first brought over the *English* from *Lower Saxony*, and erected the Kingdom of *Kent* about the Year 454.

“ Stop

“ Stop, *Frenchman*, since from *Gallia's* Shore you
come,

“ That be your Title, said the mitred Chief;

“ You tread on *English* Ground, the *Horse* you see,

“ Here on our Banner, shews from whence we came

“ Hither with *English* HENGIST from the *Elbe*;

“ He swam the *Ocean*, gain'd the *British* Shore

“ To graze the Meads of *Thames*, and drink his
Flood,

“ And chace the *Roman* Eagle from these Plains :

“ He will have Liberty ; if Peace you choose,

“ Accord, on equal Terms, with *Him* and *His*.

“ Our *German* Laws, and ancient Usages,

“ Our *Gavel-Kind*, to give as we see fit,

“ Our Independence, which to signify,

“ We'll don our Bonnets, when we see your Face,

“ Are Terms, perhaps, on which we may be
Friends :

“ But you as *Victor* we shall never own.

“ Full *seven* Kingdoms did our Ancestors

“ Erect in *Britain*, *English-Saxon* all:

“ * KENT was the first, and, for the *English*
Name,

“ It shall the last be conquered; think not then

“ Your † *Norman* Troop (tho’ swell’d with *Flan-*
drian Aids)

* In the ancient *English* Wars, the Men of *Kent* had always the Honour of being in the Van, on Account of their being the first *English* Kingdom. It was so at the Fight of *Hastings*, or *Battle-Field*, the *Middlesex* Men and the *Londoners* were in the same Squadron, and were led on by King *Harold* and his Brother.

† The *Normans* were too inconsiderable in Number ever to have effected a Conquest. The Body of *William’s* Army were the Subjects of *Baldwin*, Earl of *Flanders*, and the *Emperor*, and of his principal Men the *Normans* made but few. Among those in *Dooms-day Book*, there is scarce a Name that is properly called *French*: And supposing the Catalogue at *Battail-Abbey* to be true, which (however says *Camden*) whosoever considereth will find always to be forged, and those Names to be inserted; which the Time in every Age favoured, and were never mentioned in that notable Record; yet, I say, supposing it to be true, it contained in the Time of *Ver-*
stegan the Names of no more than three or four hundred Gentlemen, of which, by Observation on their Surnames, he concludes scarce a quarter of them to be remaining in his Time.

“ Shall

- “ Shall e’er prevail o’er us, to whom *French Laws*,
 “ And your *French Language* are contemptible:
 “ Give these the *Traitor-English*, who, nurs’d up
 “ In the false * *Edward’s* rotten-hearted Court,
 “ Have learn’d, like him, to sell their native Land;
 “ And, with their own Hands, help to fix a Yoak
 “ You never could have fix’d. For one brave
 Man,
 “ The Abbot † *Fred’rick* of St. *Alban’s* stop’d
 “ The full Career of this your boasted Host.
 “ Dread, then, your Fate, if *England* should unite,
 “ And all our valiant Brethren of the North

* The Confessor.

† The Duke of *Normandy* wondering, and enraged at the Conduct of the Abbot, sent for him, under Assurance of safe Return, and demanding the Cause, why his Woods were so cut down, *Frederick*, who was nobly descended of the *Saxons*, as well as from *Canute the Dane*, answered, *I have done the Duty both of my Birth and Profession, and if others of my Rank had done the like, as they well might, and ought, it had not been in thy Power to have pierced the Land thus far.* *Speed*, p. 426.

- “ Return and join us: For, thro’ Hate of you,
 “ They seek the very Lands ABBISSA erst,
 “ And *English* OCTA, conquer’d from the *Picts*,
 “ Repeopling old *Northumbria*, lately call’d
 “ The *Scotish Lowlands*, from the neighbouring
 Scots:
 “ Whose * KING they make their own, and swell
 his Pow’r
 “ Since *Edgar Etheling* he hath entertain’d,
 “ And means to wed his Sister. From that Clime

* The Body of the *English* Nation being enraged at the Capitulations in the South, and the *Norman’s* Reception at Court, moved Northward, and settled in great Numbers among their Countrymen in the *Lowlands* of *Scotland*, which, being a Part of the old *English Kingdom* of *Northumberland*, had been much inhabited by the *English*, from the Time of the Expedition, which *Oetha* and *Abbyfa*, under the Direction of *Hengist*, had carried on against the *Picts*. (Concerning this, see the Author’s Essay on the *English Tongue*, in the Dissertation on the *Picts*.) *Malcolm Kenmaur*, King of *Scotland*, gave the *English* the kindest Reception: According to *Buchanan*, he assigned them Lands, and, with a View of making this Kingdom for ever one, he espoused the Sister of *Edgar Etheling*; who, if he had been possessed of *Harold’s* martial Spirit, should, and might have been, the *English King*.

“ What

“ What Storms may rise to shake your feeble
Root?

“ Tho', without Wars, your Issue shall decay,

“ While theirs shall thrive and join *Plantagenet*.

“ I see * *Matilda* go a beauteous Bride

“ For *Saxon* Princes, from whose Stem shall rise

“ One, from whose *Arms* our *Horse* shall ne'er de-
part,

* This alludes to his present MAJESTY's high Relation to the Crowns of *England* and *Scotland*, by the *Plantagenets*, independent of the Marriage of his Ancestors, with the exiled Family.

The more ancient Pedigree runs thus; *Matilda*, or *Maud the Good*, was the eldest Daughter of *Margaret of England*, Queen of *Scots*, and her Husband *Malcolm Kenmaur*, King of *Scotland*. In their Children centred all the Rights of the *Saxon* Kings of *England*. From *Maud the Good*, came *Maud the Empress*, who was married to *Geoffery Plantagenet* Earl of *Anjou*, by whom she had *Henry II.* King of *England*, whose eldest Daughter, another *Maud*, was married to *Henry the Lion*, the famous Duke of *Saxony*, whose Son *William of Winchester*, was Progenitor of the Dukes of *Brunswick*, and bare for his Arms the Coat of *England* with the *two* Lions, as King *Henry* his Grandfather bare. This Princess died in the first Year of the Reign of her Brother *K. Richard I.* and was buried by her Husband the Duke of *Saxony*, in the Church of *St. Blase*, at *Brunswick*, in the Year 1199, that is 171 Years before the *English* Family of the *Stewards* had Alliance with the Crown of *Scotland* by *Robert II.* whose *Bastard* Son *John* was, by the Authority of Parliament of *Scotland* met at *Scone*, made his Successor, to the Disad-

“ Tho’ he admit, in the same *Blazonry*,
 “ The *Lions*. In his Time the *Maine* shall view
 “ This *white Horse*, curvet in a bloody Field,
 “ And frighted * *Gallia* fly at his Approach.
 “ Our Laws shall then in native *English* be,
 “ And the base Language, you would now obtrude,
 “ Both in our Courts and Schools, to be the *Sign*
 “ Of our *Subjection*, shall be so worn out
 “ Ages * before, as never to be heard,
 “ Within our *English* Walls, but in the Mouths

vantage of his legitimate Children, by Style and Title of *Robert* the Third. Thus begins the Right of the *Steward Family*, so called from bearing the Office of *Steward* to the King of *Scotland*. So that one Family rose only from the Servants of the Kings of *Scotland*; the other from their Children, which Children were, likewise, the only Heirs by Succession to the Crown of *England*; and for the Right the few *Norman* Kings had by the Sword, they gave it back to his MAJESTY’S Ancestors by the Marriage of *Henry I.* with *Maud the Good*. From such an Origin came the Race of *Plantagenets*.

* The *French* retreated over the River *Maine* after the Defeat at *Dettinguen*.

* *Edward* the III. commanded, that *French* should be disused in the Courts of Justice and the Pleadings made in *English*.

“ Of

“ Of *Foreigners*, or such whose Rank bespeaks
 “ Want of ingenuous Freedom, such, perhaps,
 “ As jabbering *Governesses*, or *powder’d Slave*,
 “ Who brings the *English Gentleman* his Shirt.

“ For then, my *Sons*, my ANTIGALLICANS,
 “ Remembering the Disgrace this *Æra* stamps
 “ Upon the *English Name*, shall so resent
 “ The Meanness of their Fathers, e’er to take
 “ Pride to themselves, for being on *your Part*;
 “ Borrowing † *your Names*, and aping your *French*

Ways:

“ As to disclaim all Kindred with such Slaves;

† Mr. Camden says, that the *English* did not even use their own Names as *Surnames*, till about the Time of the Conquest, or else a little before, under King *Edward the Confessor*, who was all *Frenchified*. And to this Time do the *Scotish Men* also refer the Antiquity of their Surnames. *Camden’s Remains*, p. 136. It seemed, says *Verstegan*, almost a Reproach to be called an *Englishman*, insomuch that it made some of the light-conceited of the *English* to seek to better their Esteem, by imitating the *Normans* both in Language and Dress, which, among the graver Sort, bred the Proverb, “ *That Jack would be a Gentleman, if he could speak French.*”

“ And

“ And Commerce with *French* Ground : Their very
Babes

“ Shall, from their Infancy, be taught to hate

“ *French* * Trappings, as the Badge of *Slavery*,

“ And tear them, with their little Hands, away.

“ But, before this, some hundred Years before,

“ The airy Castle, which your Hopes erect,

“ Shall tumble with your short-liv'd Progeny——

“ Three Kings succeed, and then the *Norman*
Pow'r

“ Must end, for ever, in the *Saxon* Line.”

Rapt into future Times, while thus the Sage
Pursu'd th' ungrateful Theme, the Bastard Duke
Grew pale. In thick Array, the Men of *Kent*,
Approach'd for Combat, to be free, or die:

* The *Antigallicans* disclaim the Use of all *French* Commodities,
both on their own Part, and on the Part of their Families.

The *Norman* saw the Danger and rejoin'd,

- “ *Stigand*, said he, and you brave Men of *Kent*,
 “ You have your Will ; I claim no Conquest here.
 “ That I am come, thank * *Edward's* Artifice ;
 “ He introduced our *Language*, and our *Mode*,
 “ And made his Court all *Frenchmen*; by their Arts
 “ He form'd our *latent* Interest, and lur'd
 “ The foolish *English* to affect our Ways,
 “ Blame me not, then, if where I find *French*
 Hearts
 “ Throughout the Isle, I put *French Fetters* on :
 “ But here I stop. For gleaming round I see
 “ The Battle-Ax, and heavy † *Saxon* Sword

* The Confessor,

† The SEAX, which our Ancestors used in Battle, and from which the *English*, it is thought, were called SAXONS, was a Sword of a large Size. The Form of it is nearly retained in that, which is still in Use among the Hussars in *Germany*: It was somewhat crooked, and very heavy. In the Time of the *seven English* Kingdoms, *East-Saxe*, or the Kingdoms of *East-Saxons*, bore three of these Swords for their Coat of Arms.

“ Out

“ Out drawn by Hands, quite *Antigallican*,
 “ Ufeless, in such a Cafe, the *Norman* Bow,
 “ And *Norman* Heart so with the *English* match’d;
 “ Therefore with Reason I retire, and leave,
 “ Unhurt, for ever, as your glorious Name,
 “ Your Lands, Possessions, Liberties and Laws.”



UPON



UPON THE
Extinction of the late REBELLION.

Containing a Word of Advice to the Vulgar English Jacobites, who are apt to look upon his Majesty's Family as Strangers, and think that their sole Alliance to the British Crown, was by the Marriage of the King of Bohemia with a Daughter of King James I.

THE Din of War is o'er—One blest Event
Hath clos'd the Winter of our Discontent.
Next Heav'n, to Thee, illustrious * Prince, we owe
Peace from the Foreign and Domestic Foe ;

* The DUKE.

That

That *France* despairs of Monarchies to come,
 And beggar'd calls her ragged Armies home,
 That moody *Faction* and her Sons are still,
 And all may now live happy, if they will.

Britons, enjoy the Calm—your Follies past,
 Repent, and let this Tumult be the last.
 Ye poor unhappy few, since now you find
 Yourself deluded and your Leaders blind,
 For unsound Politicks no longer seek
 'Mongst the *French* Slaves, who scribble by the
 Week;

But read some *English* History, and learn
 What e'en your *Children* to your Shame discern:
 How † *Henry's* Daughter match'd the *Saxon* Duke,
 From whom his Origin our Monarch took,
 If such your Error, that no Prince you'll love,
 But who his high Antiquity can prove:

† *Henry* the II. that great *English* King in whose Time *Ireland*
 was first reduced and planted with *English*.

From *England's* Kings and *Scotland's* there you
see

Unfully'd come his glorious Ancestry,
Kin to each * *British* Crown before the War,
Which Title gave to *York* or *Lancaster*.
Before the *Scotch* § King's *Steward* had the Face,
To fix a Crown upon his Bastard-Race;
Or *Richmond's* † Earl in Craft descended down,
To mix their doubtful Issue with his own.
That the *Scotch* SAXONS and their whole Domain,
A *Fief* of *England* might revert again,
(As from the *Heptarchy* was melted down,
Each lesser Coronet to form the CROWN ;)
In GEORGE we see the *Saxon* Line restor'd,
And happy *England* knows her *English* Lord;
Scotland in him may Royal *Malcolm* trace
His Line descending without *Issue* base.

* See the Note in the last Poem concerning the Race of *Plantagenet*.

§ *Rob. II.* † *Henry, VII.*

And *Ireland* rais'd by *English* * *LAWs* and *MEN*,
Rejoice to see *Plantagenet* again.

* The Constitution of *Ireland* is entirely *English*, as are by Extraction the most considerable Part of its Inhabitants, and most, if not all, the Nobility.



EXTRACT from the *General Advertiser* of Friday
February 7. 1745-6.

To the AUTHOR of the *General Advertiser*.

S I R,

The following Copy of Verses was sent to a Lady, with a loyal Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, on the 5th of November, by the Rev. Dr. Free. They are written with so much Zeal for the Government, and the Cause of Liberty, that I hope they will afford some Entertainment to your Readers.

WHILE for his Country's Weal your * gal-
lant Lord

Mounts the fierce Steed, and draws his glitt'ring Sword;

* This noble EARL, during the *Rebellion*, raised a *Regiment* for his MAJESTY'S Service.

G

If,

If, at a lonely Hour, your pensive Eye
 Glance thoughtful round, and see this Treatise
 lie,

Deign to peruse what *English* Sages write
 In the same Cause that *English* Heroes fight.—
 —The Cause of LIBERTY!—as Ages since
 She blest alike the *Peasant* and the *Prince*:
 Ere *Tyrants* rag'd, or *Factions* took her Name
 To cover Fraud, or sanctify their Shame:
 Ere *Superstition* cramp't the human Mind
 In *Racks* or *Chains*, and led our *Reason* blind.

O glorious Times! O blest Simplicity!
 How Manners still and Principles agree!
 When the great * *Patriarch*, with a Father's Hand,
 To warlike Feats his willing Subjects train'd,
 Their Cause was *Liberty*:—Their *Kin* distress'd,
 They crush'd the growing *Tyrant* of the *East*.

* *Abram*, see his History, *Gen.* xiv. from Ver. 14. to the
 End.

With

With Joy the Neighbour-Kings beheld his Fall ;
 The Cause of *Freedom* was the Cause of ALL.
 One 'midst the rest, whose Fame must never cease,
 (*His Name was Righteousness, his Country's Peace*)
 The great *Melchisedeck* the Victor meets,
 And with a *sacerdotal* Blessing greets.

See! the bright Paths in which the Ancients
 trod,
 The Kings were Priests, for Priests were Priests of
 GOD.

No Image-Servants; to no Stocks they bow'd,
 Nor taught Delusions to th' adoring Crowd.
 Free from these Frauds, lo! *Abram's* Soldiers dine,
 The KING produc'd no venal *Bread* and *Wine*,
 Nor said the *Moss*—yet still his Blessing giv'n
 Was deem'd the Blessing of the GOD of Heav'n.
 Content with this, the grateful Warriors part ;
 For *Abram's* Soldiers bore a gen'rous Heart.

Pleas'd with the Cause of GOD and Liberty,
For plunder'd Wealth they let their Comrades vie.

Thus, where his Troops our Hero WILLIAM
led,

The *brutal* * Sons of *lawless Rapine* fled.
If aught our *foreign* Aids, perchance, purloin'd,
The *English* Soldier bore a better Mind :
Their *Chief* and *they* one glorious End pursu'd,
The Public *Safety* and the Public *Good*.

✱

Oh, may our SOVEREIGN teach these rugged
Climes
To prize the Wisdom of those happy Times,
When *Subjects* ne'er a righteous *Prince* withstood,
And *Monarchs* thought the Cause of FREEDOM
good.

* The *Highlanders*.

By

By WILLIAM's Arm may War and Faction
cease;

And still a BRUNSWICK be our *King of Peace*.

And you, bright Nymph, as oft in Converse
near

You entertain *Augusta's* Royal Ear,
If chance she ask, "Who in her Father's Cause,
"Lights of the *Church*, or Guardians of our
Laws,

"Or plumed *Chiefs*, or *Soldiers* firm in Fight,
"Stood forth with *Words* or *Arms* to do him
right?"

Oh, not for me—but for my Country tell,
There are on *Isis'* † Banks, who think so well,
Who know his Merits, feel, with grateful Hearts,
The Blessings, that his gentle Reign imparts;

† The River at *Oxford*.

And with the *Streams*, which from this FOUNTAIN
‡ flow,

May propagate *Affection* as they go ;

And in their peaceful *Channels* ever bring

HEALTH to the *Land*, and HONOUR to the *King*.

‡ The University.





An detur Transubstantiatio ? Neg.

FICTA Sacerdotum miserum per secla popel-
lum

Relligio ut potuit ludificare dolis!

Hinc *Ægyptiacæ* Memphitica sacra *Juvençæ*

Cernis; quotque ferax Numina *Nilus* habet:

Illinc *Dodonæ* servant Spelæa *Molossi*;

Et Templum *Delphis* jactat *Apollo* suum:

Intulit atque Deos, terris hinc inde petitos

Romæ, idem *Quæstûs* et *Pietatis* amor.

Cedite, *Romani* veteres, et cedite, *Graii*,

Cedas, *Mempbi*, dolis quos *nova* *Roma* parat.

Par nostro *Invento* *Reditus*, sed *Gloria* major;

Plus *fecisse* valet, quàm *coluisse* Deos.



An contraria possint esse in eodem?
Neg^r.

PENTHESILEA furens Sexûs pertæsa domique
Per Campos fortis dum spatiatur eques,
Agricolæ occurfat, quæ, quæ via ducit in urbem?
Ut frixit sermo, quæ sonat hora, rogat.
Aspexit dubius *Corydon*, formamque Puellæ
Vidit pube tenus, cætera pene virum.
Hæsitat; at tandem posita formidine fatur,
Quisquis es, haud dubita, me duce tutus eris.
Interea magnas dum versat pectore nugas,
Flamen adest; dignus vindice nodus erat.
Heus, inquit *Corydon*, si sit tibi tempus aventi,
Me sequitor—Sequitur—dic, *Reverende*, peto.

Nec

Nec genus *Humanum*, Speciem nam veste *virilem*
Præfert; *fæmineos* prodidit ore Sonos.

O D E.

In propositam amicæ Abitionem.

SIC ergo turbas, O Veneris Puer,
Infeste semper, sic misero mihi
Ultra ciebis? Cur amatam
Hinc oculis abigis puellam?

Senos bis annos scilicet haud fatis
Durum procacis ferre jugum fuit!
Quin hoc Laboris nunc supremum
Reliquias dederis Pharetræ?

Frustra ergo longos sollicitus Dies
Manfi latentem me male Virginem!
Lasciva si notam Fenestram
Composita repetebat hora.

Rumpat

Rumpat quis unquam Claustra tenacia
 Hujusce Turris difficilis procis?
 Quæ nec *Jovi* summo pateret
 Ni Deus aureus adveniret.





INSCRIPTIONS

For the Faces of a Rock, which overlooks the Sea above the Vicarage House at RUNCORN.

SI nova exstaret Domus e vetusta,
Si Loci et Nostri stabilita rite
Jura liquisset, modo qui Ministri
Munere cessit:

Tusculum hic esset placidumque *Tibur* ;
Hic mihi sedem cuperem *Senectæ* ;
Hic modum lassæ strepitus Scholarum
Militiæque.

JOHAN-

JOHANNES FREE A.M.

Eccles. Christi apud Oxonienses Capellanus,

Academiae Propriocurator,

Et Ecclesiae perantiquae Runcosfanensis

Vicarius 1739-40.

A N O T H E R.

ΣΗΜΑ ΔΕ ΜΟΙ ΧΕΥΣΩΣΙΝ ΕΠΙ ΠΛΑΤΕΙ * ΕΛΛΗΣ-
ΠΟΝΤΩΙ

ΚΑΙ ΠΟΤΕ ΤΙΣ ΕΙΠΗΙΣΙ ΚΑΙ ΟΥΓΟΝΩΝ ΑΝΘΡΩ-
ΠΩΝ

ΝΗΙ ΠΟΛΥΚΛΗΙΔΙ ΠΛΕΩΝ ΕΠΙ ΟΙΝΟΠΑ ΠΟΝ-
ΤΟΝ

ΑΝΔΡΟΣ ΜΕΝ ΤΟΔΕ ΣΗΜΑ ΠΑΛΑΙ ΚΑΤΑΤΕΘ-
ΝΗΩΤΟΣ

ΟΝ ΠΟΤ' ΑΡΙΣΤΕΤΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΚΩΣ ΠΑΡΕΔΕΞΑΤΟ
ΛΑΟΣ

ΔΑΙΤ' ΑΠΟΝΟΣΦΙΖΩΝ ΙΕΡΗΝ ΚΑΙ ΔΩΡΑ ΘΕΟΙΟ
ΤΟΤΕ ΟΥΝ ΟΥΔΕΝ ΕΤΙΣΕΝ ΑΤΑΣΘΑΛΙΗΙΣΙ ΧΟ-
ΛΩΘΕΙΣ

ΑΛΛ' ΑΠΩΝ ΝΟΣΤΗΣΕ ΦΙΛΗΝ ΕΣ ΠΑΤΡΙΔΑ
ΓΑΙΑΝ

ΩΣΠΟΤΕ ΤΙΣ ΕΡΕΗΙ ΤΟΔ ΕΜΟΝ ΚΛΕΟΣ ΟΥ ΠΟΤ
ΟΛΕΙΤΑΙ

* The Waters about *Runcorn* have very much the Appearance of those in the *Hellespont* and about *Gallipoli*.



A N
A N S W E R
T O A
P O E T I C A L E P I S T L E

From my Friend Mr. A——

Who being just then married advised the Author to leave such Solitary Amusements as engraving Verses upon the Rock, and to employ himself better in looking out a Wife.

Y OUR good Advice for me design'd,
Sir, I must own was very kind:

But

But since 'twas not a Case in Law,
 Forgive me, if I spy a Flaw.
 The Thing you know was Matrimony,
 Which you protest is sweet as Honey :
 And so it may, till this Moon's o'er,
 But tell me when you've prov'd it more.
 Tho' I confess it were a Pity,
 That you should ever change your Ditty ;
 Of Fetters you appear so fond ;
 So happy in the Marriage Bond.
 But I who Freedom love and Pow'r
 Could never be controul'd an Hour ;
 Beside the Living thus in thrawl,
 The Women, if you knew them all,
 Are not like your good dear—your Wife,
 No some would lead you such a Life!——
 And one of these without due Care
 May fall to any Neighbour's share :
 Better to reason and delay,
 And study whom you could obey,

Than all one's Happiness to barter,
 For a Month's Toying with a Tartar.
 Then to go at it *Tooth* and *Nail*,
 And fly from Home as from a Jayl.
 From Civil Wars good Heav'n defend me,
 Nor let a Woman's humour end me;
 Not but there is a gentler kind,
 And one of these I hope to find;
 One, who can think that *Crystal Floods*,
And mossy Banks are solid Goods :
 So for my turn, as, if she pleases,
 To make my *Sermons*,——or my *Cheeses*.
 And when I've found her ——shall I marry?
 Why *Reason* still cries “ Tarry—tarry.
 “ The Way for you is yet but Thorny,
 “ Tho' 'twas so easy for the *Attorney*,
 “ His is a Money—getting Trade,
 “ Ill Fate hath you a *Parson* made;
 “ And given you so small a Living,
 “ That you can never think of thriving.

“ And

“ And Children too——your Wife may breed them

“ Faster than both of you can feed them:

“ Then her meek Spirit and your own

“ Under a Weight of Care must groan :

“ You die——your Daughter and your Son

“ And your dear Wife are all undone”——

If this for me be Matrimony,

It has much more of *Gall* than *Honey*.

Better to muse among the Flocks,

And grave my *Sonnets* on the Rocks;

Than ever to desire to know

A *Joy* so intermix'd with *Woe*.



ON THE
Government of our Passions.

SAY, LOVE, for what good End design'd
Wert thou to Mortals given?
Was it to fix on Earth the Mind?
Or raise the Heart to Heav'n?

II.

Deluded oft we still pursue
The fleeting Bliss we sought,
As Children chace the Bird in view,
That's never to be caught.

H

III.

III.

O! who shall teach me to sustain,
A more than *manly* Part?
To go thro' Life, nor suffer *Pain*
Nor *Joy* to touch my Heart.

IV.

Thou blest INDIFFERENCE, be my Guide,
I court thy gentle Reign;
When *Passion* turns my Steps aside,
Still call me back again.

V.

Teach me to see through *Beauty's* Art,
How oft its Trappings hide
A base, a lewd, a treacherous Heart;
With Thousand Ills beside.

VI.

Nor let my gen'rous Soul give way,
Too much to serve my *Friends*;

Let Reason still controul their Sway,
And shew where DUTY ends.

VII.

If to my Lot a *Wife* should fall,
May FRIENDSHIP be our LOVE;
The *Passion*, that is Transport all,
Does seldom *lasting* prove:

VIII.

If *lasting*, 'tis too great for *Peace*,
The Pleasure's so profuse;
The Heart can never be at Ease,
Which has too much to lose.

IX.

Calm let me estimate this Life,
Which I must leave behind,
Nor let fond *Passions* raise a Strife,
To discompose my Mind.

X.

When *Nature* calls, may I steal by,
 As rising from a Feast;
 I've had my fill of Life, and why
 Should I disturb the rest?

E P I T A P H,

Stranger approach! and shed a tender Tear,
 If ever *Virtue* to thy Soul was dear;
 If ever *Friend* in distant Climate lost
 Unknown to all, or known to few at most,
 Thy Heart if ever Female *Sweetness* warm'd,
 Or lively *Wit* or Strength of *Reason* charm'd,
 Or suff'ring *Beauty* bade thy Sorrows flow,
 Here Stop a while to melt at others Woe:
 And learn an *Husband's*, *Brother's* *Parent's* Moan
 For such a *Consort*, *Sister*, *Daughter* gone.

A GENERAL RELEASE to
Hastings Ingram Esq.

Who demanded a Receipt upon the Payment of 6*d.*
 for *Easter* Offerings.

K NOW, every Christian Man alive,
 In Seventeen hundred thirty five,
 The second Day of *May*—the Hour
 To tell you is not in my Power;
 That *H*—— *I*—— then did pay—
 (*Esquire*—I had forgot to say)
 For usual Offerings at *Easter*,
 Inprimis, Offerings for Master,
 Item, the same for *Betty Porter*,
 Item, for *Thomas*,—*Tom*—that's shorter,
 Three times two Pence, that's two times Three
 Of *lawful* Money—let me see!
 To me the Curate of great *Wolford*,
 And here is my Receipt in full for't.

And by these Presents I *discharge*,
Acquit, release, and set at large
 Squire H—— I—— aforeſaid,
 His *Servant Man* and *Servant Maid*.
 And all the *Children* of their Loins,
 Their *Heirs, Executors, Assigns*,
 If Child, *Executor* there be,
 Or *Heir* — to any of the Three;
 And now in Witness of the ſame,
 I hereunto ſubſcribe my Name.

Upon being ſtung in the Face by a Bee,
 whoſe Sting was taken out by a Young
 L A D Y.

I N vain my *little* Foe inflicts the Smart:
 For *Partheniſſa* draws the venom'd Dart.
 Her Hand can inſtantaneous Eaſe reſtore,
 And add a Thouſand Joys unfelt before.

Whilst

Whilst the poor Insect, by the Wound he gave,
 Sickness to Death, and makes his Cell his Grave,
 Thus by their *Malice* be my *Foes* subdu'd,
 Or made by *Heav'n* the Instruments of *Good*:
 And thro' my Life be this my Lot ; — to feel
Joys from each *Smart*, and *Good* o'erpaying
Ill.

Westwel June 16, 1745.

Written on the back of a Young Lady's Fan, whose Device was a MONKEY weighing in a pair of Scales a BEAU against a FEATHER, the latter of which proved to be the heavier.

STILL to her gen'rous Mind may *Fops* appear
 Light as a *Feather*, empty as the *Air* !
 And as her lovely Hands thy Leaves display,
 Good *Fan*, for ever blow those *Fops* away.

Preston in Lancashire, July 28 1740.

A Petition to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire setting forth the unfortunate Condition, and marvellous Necessity of certain Travellers, who after a long and tedious Voyage in the greatest want of Provisions arrived at Chatsworth, in August 1730 (drawn but not presented.—For a Dinner came by chance from another Quarter.)

WE your Petitioners, who come
 Full many a Mile from Native home,
 To see your GRACE's Grandeur, that's worth
 A longer Journey than to *Chatsworth*,
 An't please your GRACE, are forc'd to tell ye,
 That each Man brings an empty Belly:
 And has a most uncommon Itching
 For something from your Grace's Kitchin.
 Now we have pitch'd like Men of Sense on,
 (As the best Dish) an Haunch of Ven'son.
 For know, my LORD, your Man the Bearer,
 Who doubtless thinks to be a Sharer,
 Has told us, that you have as good,
 As ever rang'd in Park or Wood.

So

So let your GRACE but condescend
 In this Distress to stand our Friend :
 And we shall all your House remember,
 The longer, for our *Belly-Timber*.

*A Familiar Epistle to an intimate Friend putting him
 in Mind of my Collection in Garlick-Hill Parish,
 where I was formerly Lecturer.*

TOM, if thy Love-sick *Pericrany*
 Can think of any thing but *Nanny* ;
 I'd humbly beg you to remember,
 That it approaches towards *November* :
 And that my *Michaelmas* Collection
 Requires your Favour, and Protection.
 If that your noble Courage fail ye,
 Or *Hyp*, or *Love*, or aught should ail ye :
 Why then, your humble Servant wills,
 That you apply to Mr. *Mills*.
 Methinks I see you Side by Side,
 A *Common-Council* for your guide.

TOM

Tom with such Company you'll prate
 And make your Speeches *adequate* ;
 Teaze the good Women, till they're willing
 To drop the *Lecturer* a *Shilling*.
 Now 'tis the Love I bear to you-ward
 And care for my SUCCESSOR *How—rd*,
 Which is the most prevailing Reason,
 That makes me keep you to your *Season*.
 For without care, God knows, the *Church*
 Is left too often in the Lurch ;
 Then to your shame without his Pay,
 Your *Lecturer*——must run away :
 You see then I'd be understood,
 To dun you for another's Good.
 As bawling *Patriots* pretend
 That *Interest* is not *their* End.
 ——But to write more I have not Time,
 Perhaps you'll wonder 'tis in Rhyme——
 Why, as it was a *dunning* Letter,
 I thought that it might relish better.

You

You know Friend *Jemmy* *, to cajole us,
Wraps a gold Leaf about his *Bolus*.

And so the Patient gives a Quilt——
And down it goes ; because 'tis gilt.

P. S. Now to the Folks, who had the Picking
Of Mrs. *Yeoman's* Ham and Chicken,

My most sincere Respects impart,
And tell them——that they have my Heart.

Written in a Book of Family Receipts and Cookery, under the Name of a Young Lady since dead.

O ! form'd alike in ev'ry shape to please,
In ev'ry Station to behave with Ease,
Canst thou the Joys of other Nymphs forego,
The private Junket, and the Publick Show,
From Cards, and Play, and Company retire,
Direct the House, and see a *Kitchen* Fire?

* Mr. *James Ward* an Apothecary, since dead, a good Man,
and a good Neighbour.

The *gay* and *thrifty* thus genteely blend,
 By turns on Bus'ness, and on Dress attend?
 If ever Fortune deign for me a Wife,
 By thy Example might she form her Life;
 As Time requires it, with good Grace appear,
Polite or *useful*, *lively* or *severe*.

Feb. 1738-9.

On the Choice of an Husband by a Lady.

IF I am doom'd the Marriage Chain to wear,
 Kind Heav'n! propitious be to this my Pray'r:
 That he whom I am fated to obey,
 May kindly *govern* by a gentle sway,
 May his *Good Sense* improve my best of Thoughts,
 And his *Good Nature* smile at all my faults.
 May ev'ry *Virtue* his best Friendship know,
 And all *Vice* shun him as a Mortal Foe,
 Still let me find possess'd by the *Dear Youth*,
 The best good manners, the sincerest *Truth*:

Un-

Unblemish'd be his Honour and his Fame,
 And let his Actions *merit* his good Name.
 I'd have his Fortune easy, but not great,
 For Troubles always on the Wealthy wait.
 And Life's so very short I would not spare,
 The smallest Part to throw away on Care.

Be this my Fate, if I am made a Wife,
 Or keep me happy in a single Life.

A Birth—Day Thought.

By the same Hand.

CAN I, all gracious Providence!
 Can I deserve thy Care?

Ah no! I've not the least Pretence
 To Bounties, which I share.

Have I not been defended still
 From Dangers, and from Death,

Been

The *gay* and *thrifty* thus genteely blend,
 By turns on Bus'ness, and on Dress attend?
 If ever Fortune deign for me a Wife,
 By thy Example might she form her Life;
 As Time requires it, with good Grace appear,
Polite or useful, lively or severe.

Feb. 1738-9.

On the Choice of an Husband by a Lady.

IF I am doom'd the Marriage Chain to wear,
 Kind Heav'n! propitious be to this my Pray'r:
 That he whom I am fated to obey,
 May kindly *govern* by a gentle sway,
 May his *Good Sense* improve my best of Thoughts,
 And his *Good Nature* smile at all my faults.
 May ev'ry *Virtue* his best Friendship know,
 And all *Vice* shun him as a Mortal Foe,
 Still let me find possess'd by the *Dear Youth*,
 The best good manners, the sincerest *Truth*:

Un-

Unblemish'd be his Honour and his Fame,
 And let his Actions *merit* his good Name.
 I'd have his Fortune easy, but not great,
 For Troubles always on the Wealthy wait.
 And Life's so very short I would not spare,
 The smallest Part to throw away on Care.

Be this my Fate, if I am made a Wife,
 Or keep me happy in a single Life.

A Birth—Day Thought.

By the same Hand.

CAN I, all gracious Providence!
 Can I deserve thy Care?

Ah no! I've not the least Pretence
 To Bounties, which I share.

Have I not been defended still
 From Dangers, and from Death,

Been

Been safe preserv'd from ev'ry ill,
E'er since thou gav'st me Breath?

I live, once more to see the Day,
That brought me first to Light;
O teach my willing Heart the Way
To take thy Mercies right.

Tho' dazzling Splendour, Pomp, and Show,
My Fortune has deny'd,
Yet (more than Grandeur can bestow)
Content hath well supply'd.

No Strife has e'er disturb'd my Peace,
No Miseries have I known;
And that I'm blest in *Health* and *Ease*
With humble thanks I own.

I envy no one's Birth, or Fame,
Their Titles, Train, or Drefs,
Nor has my Pride e'er stretch'd its Aim
Beyond what I possess.

I ask

I ask not, wish not to appear
 More Beauteous, Rich, or Gay;
 Lord! make me *wiser* ev'ry Year,—
 And *better* ev'ry Day.



T H E S T O R Y
O F
S U S A N N A,
A
P O E M.

Inscribed to Miss SUKEY COMBE.

*Just such as you, so lovely and so Fair
So chaste and good was she, whose Name you bear,
May Heav'n, if e'er you choose to be a Wife,
From her Misfortunes guard your peaceful Life :
And from your Angel-Innocence remove
All rude Invasions of unlawful Love.*

EMBATTLED Hosts with dreadful Splendor
bright,

And Heroes meeting in the Shock of Fight,
Sublimer Themes! to *Epic* Strains belong;
An humble Subject *moralize* my Song.

A studi-

A studious Ear may *Britain's* Daughters lend,
And trace the Pattern, which they must commend,
When, Ages since, the proud *Assyrian* stood
The mighty Monarch of the World subdu'd;
Then flourish'd *Babylon*; from ev'ry Soil,
Or throng'd with Captives, or enrich'd with Spoil:
Then *Sion*, waisted by his destin'd Hand,
Was led a Captive to a foreign Land.
But the hard Yoak at length the Victor eas'd,
And dawning Liberty with Time encreas'd:
The mournful Captive felt his milder Reign,
Shook off the Dust and now reviv'd again.
Intent on Arts her Fate no more she mourns,
With Love of Life rich Industry returns.
But chief o'er all for Riches, Pow'r, and Fame,
One stood renown'd, and *Joachim* his Name:
Like him to please not one so rightly knew,
Not one so honour'd, or so wealthy grew.
Some free-born Prince the Captive *Jew* appear'd,
So much the Favour of his Lord he shar'd.

When lo! yet wanting to his happy State,
Chelchia's Daughter made his Joys compleat:
In the fair *Israelite* at once were join'd
The brightest Person, and devouteſt Mind:
From her firſt Years were *Mofes'* Laws inſtill'd,
And the good Parents made the pious Child.
Thus *Joachim* advanc'd above the reſt,
Bleſt in his Fortune, in his Marriage bleſt,
With open Gates his Nation ſtill receiv'd,
The Elders honour'd, and the Poor reliev'd.
Within his Palace each Debate was heard,
And chief the Judges of his Favour ſhar'd.
But what good Act th' ungrateful Wretch can bind,
Or what reclaim, when Luſt enſlaves the Mind?
Sufanna's Charms (for ſuch his Conſort's Name)
For holy Friendſhip rais'd the fouleſt Flame.
As in the Flow'r which gives the Bee its Sweets,
Th' invenom'd Spider nought but Poiſon meets.

Now

Now *Joachim* a spacious House had rear'd,
The Owner's Grandeur in the Pile appear'd :
Th' adjoining Garden long continu'd Rows
Of stately Trees, and lofty Walls enclose.
Within the Spot each Fruit that's grateful grew,
Each Flow'r delicious to the Smell or View :
The mantling Vine its loaded Branches spread,
The Olive rear'd its party-colour'd Head.
Its hidden Gems unwilling to disclose
A sordid Coat the sweet Pomegranate shows.
The pale-hu'd Lilies spangled o'er the Ground,
And intermingled Roses blush'd around.
Delightful Order gave to all a Grace,
And Art with Nature vy'd to bless the Place.
But tow'rd the midst no more the Flowrets smil'd ;
The labour'd Garden ended in a wild.
First 'gainst the Sun its Leaf the Fig-tree spreads;
Within, a various Growth exalt their Heads:

Their Shades the Sycomore and Cedar join,
The branching Palm-tree and the dusky Pine.
But in the Center, where the winding Way
Ended at length, a flow'ry Circus lay ;
Its oval Limits Myrtle-Arbors crown'd,
A Marble-Bafon grac'd the middle Ground,
Three Fonts by subterraneous Ducts supply'd
Rise from its Waves, and in its Waves subside:
These when to cease some hidden Work commands,
Ting'd on the Flood each neighb'ring Object stands.
A *Sylvan* Scene's reflected to the Sight,
And Trees beneath shut out the nether Light.

Each Noon retiring still *Susanna* went
To seek the friendly Cool her Garden lent.
For then the Season, when the Groves allay
With their fresh Shades the Scorching of the Day.
Th' attentive Judges ev'ry Motion view,
And still in Thought the absent Fair pursue:

See her unveil'd beneath some Arbour lie,
' Courting the Breeze, all charming to the Eye.
Fancy improves whate'er Desire conceives,
And each warm Wish a light Enjoyment gives.
Thus while each fans, th' inglorious Flame he feels;
Conscience in vain their hated Duty tells:
Their growing Raptures all Restraint remove;
Religion, Friendship, what are ye to Love?
But yet, tho' veh'ment, hopeless was their Pain;
They saw her daily, but they saw in vain.
Both to conceal their lawless Passions try;
Shame guards each Word, each Motion of the Eye.
Happy had either with his Anguish pin'd,
And the foul Flame within himself confin'd:
But once as whilst with usual Care they wait
The long-wish'd op'ning of the Garden-Gate;
The one to cloak the Cause of his Delay,
With seeming Wonder chides his Friend away;
" Home let's repair since Noon's Repast is near,
" Why over-careful do we linger here?

“ Our Clients to their Tasks in Peace are gone,
“ And now the Business of the Day is done.”

This said, they part, and slowly homeward turn,
With the same Thought their twin-born Passions burn.
Secure alone each hopes the Fair to move,
And turns obedient to the Calls of Love.
Thus when we cease the *Needle* to controul,
It trembles back and seeks th’ attracting *Pole*.

Now divers Ways the House approaching near,
Each sudden turns, and meets his Brother there.
Silent they stop, and lost in wild Surprise,
Betray the Guilt, they labour to disguise.
By this embolden’d one his Friend address’d,
And thus persuasive to Confession press’d :
Since the same Act the same Intention shows,
Agree, my Friend, the Secret to disclose ;
Confirm by Words, what Looks so well impart,
Forget to blush, and pour out all thy Heart.

The

The pleasing Motion th' other straight obey'd,
Threw off the Mask, and thus in Raptures said.

Love in my Soul with wild Dominion reigns,
And captive Virtue droops beneath its Chains.
But why with Virtue do I grate thine Ear,
Or what avails our false Appearance here?
Alone *Susanna* oft I wish'd to find.—
My Thought's the same, the other quick rejoin'd:
Hence with united Cunning we'll pursue,
Our Common Joy, the lovely Prize in View.
What tho' a Partner Love refuse to bear;
Lust less refin'd allows a Friend to share.
But grant alone her Converse we'd enjoy'd!
And Eloquence with all its Charms employ'd;
Where stern Religion holds its stubborn Reign,
Wit is but Folly, Eloquence but vain:
Keen-fighted Chastity the Snare defies,
And sees the Crime in all its Blackness rise.

Far better Means this happy Juncture shows;
Oft to her Garden, and alone she goes:
There be we hid, and when the Pair we spy,
Her choice shall be to pleasure us, or die.
Then if the Fool relentless still refuse;
This specious Fiction shall the Rout abuse;
How in unlawful Commerce there we found
Some unknown Youth, who leap'd the Garden mound,
Our Word decisive bears so strong a Sway,
None e'er will question what their Rulers say.
Thus to our Quiet in the fair One's Fall,
Our Hopes and Fears alike shall perish all.
Her Pray'rs, her Tears, her Charms shall fail to move;
'Tis not the Object, but the Crime we love.

With Cunning thus their Stratagem design'd,
A Time to execute full soon they find.
Thus ends the Day; the Noon succeeding brought
True to their Hopes the Happiness they fought.

Susanna

Susanna then, for forth her Lord was gone,
All but her Servants, deem'd herself alone:
These she commands to shut the Garden-Gate,
Next at her Fountain with a Lotion wait.
Their Mistress' Orders thus perform'd with care,
Back thro' a private Door they strait repair.
To the cool Grove *Susanna* goes in haste,
And brush'd the lurking Judges as she past.
As in the wild some heedless Lambkin strays,
And round the Lion's Den unwitting plays,
The Lovers saw, and kindling at the Sight,
Impatient rush to snatch the dear Delight:
With ardent Gaze devour her promis'd Charms,
And round her Bosom clasp their trembling Arms:
Redoubled Transport from her Touch receive,
And thus in fault'ring Words their Meaning give.

Blush not, fair Daughter, lay aside thy Fear,
In Silence only lend a patient Ear:
To bless our faithful long-conceal'd Desires,
Behold how Fortune now at length conspires:

Thou

Thou know'st our Pow'r, if rashly thou refuse,
Thy Fame, tho' spotless, dies, when we accuse,
Thus far she heard.—'Tis Death, your Will deny'd,—
And Death to grant it, with a Shriek she cry'd:

Th' unusual Noise th' astonisht Servants hear,
And thronging at the private Door appear.
With ready Lie the old Deceivers wait;
This breathless stands beside the open'd Gate;
That holds th' Offender, and aloud exclaims,
Declares her Lewdness, and her Treach'ry blames.
The wond'ring Crowd with Pain the Tale believ'd,
And all abash'd the swooning Fair receiv'd.

Thus ends the Day; the Morn succeeding rose;
To *Joachim's* the full Assembly goes.
Early the wakeful Judges haste away,
Their own Affair forbids their usual Stay.
With Fear of Shame and Thirst of Vengeance fraught,
They strait command *Susanna* to be brought.

The

The mournful Matron with her Kin appears,
A friendly Train with sympathizing Tears:
Her wond'ring Infants on her Garments hung,
And her sad Parents slowly led the Throng.
These all the Firmness of her Virtue knew,
But few esteem'd their partial Voices true:
A thousand various Ways her Case is told,
By the rash Young, or too censorious Old.
And now before the Judgment-Seat she stood;
When first the Elders thus bespoke the Crowd,
The modest Veil from off the Strumpet tear,
From conscious Blushes let her Guilt appear.
The Face of Innocence expos'd to View,
A Flood of Tears from each Beholder drew.
But other Thoughts her curs'd Accusers fire,
What gave these Pity, gave to them Desire.
Now rising each in awful Judgment stands,
Her guiltless Head sustains their impious Hands,
Weeping to Heav'n she makes a silent Pray'r,
And places all her Hopes of Safety there:

Whilst

Whilst they to prejudice the People fought,
And jointly thus their Accusation brought.
As in an Arbour yesterday we lay,
To shun the Scorching of the sultry Day;
Sudden there open'd wide a privy Gate,
Susanna enters, and her Servants wait.
To these some secret Business she pretends,
And hasty thence and unsuspecting sends:
Soon as she saw her prying Tendance gone,
And all exulting thought herself alone;
The faithless Wretch, the Darling of her Lord,
And, as their Pattern, by her Sex ador'd;
Ardent to meet some strange Adult'rer came,
Alike forgetful of her Love and Fame;
Our Indignation kindled at the View,
And quick to seize him both at once we flew.
But o'er our Age with Ease the Youth prevail'd,
Sprung from our Arms, and quick the Gate assail'd.
She still remain'd, yet all in vain we strove,
To learn the Object of so base a Love,——

Susanna

Susanna then her Silence meekly broke,——
A Sigh came struggling with each Word she spoke.
Almighty God! who present ev'ry where,
Se'est all the Wickedness transacted here;
How ill thy Delegates dispense thy pow'r,
How unconcern'd the Innocent devour?
Let not the wicked thus pervert thy Laws,
Rise, Judge of all, and vindicate my Cause:
Purge off the Stain of this pretended Guilt:
Nor thus unjustly let my Blood be spilt.——

In vain she spake, th' Assembly hasts away,
Nor thought it more than Criminals would say.
But he, to whom she thus address'd her Pray'r,
Heard the Distress, which escap'd the human Ear:
For now the Innocent to death was led,
And the vain Hope of Life and Respite fled;
When midst the Tumult of the gath'ring Crowd,
Hark, a glad voice! which thus proclaims aloud:
“ From *Isr'els* Folly I myself am clear,
“ The Curse of Bloodshed let the Guilty bear.”

All look attentive where the Voice was heard;
When lo! a Youth of Form divine appear'd;
Who ardent thus pursu'd the Theme begun:

“ On Sins so heinous blindly can ye run ?

“ Shall thus a Daughter of our Nation die;

“ The Truth important thus in Darkness lie?

“ Shall false Accusers with such Ease deceive,

“ And their fair Shew so vast Assurance give?”

This said, the People back at once return,

And joyful all with Expectation burn.

Mean while the Elders thus address'd the Youth,

Hail! Heav'nly chosen advocate for Truth!

Amongst ourselves Elected take thy Seat.

And dauntless here the wond'rous Tale repeat.

Then Daniel thus, (for that his Name) reply'd,

From mutual Converse first the two divide;

Left farther Measures to deceive they take,

Elude our Caution and by Compact speak.

His prudent Counsel is with Care obey'd;

One first advanc'd; when rising thus he said;

Thou

Thou old in Sin, the Guilt so lately done,
Shews in what Tenour all thy Days have run,
Thus could ye trample on the sacred Law,
And slay the Innocent, so void of Awe?
Our injur'd Daughters by your Threats compell,
To act the Crime, and acted to conceal?
Now say (since falsely yet assert ye dare)
Beneath what Tree ye found the guilty Fair.
The trembling Sinner stupid with Surprise,
Fault'ring, at length, a Mastick-tree replies.
His Silence then the youthful Elder broke,
And sternly thus in comely Anger spoke.
Fool, to thy Crimes an End at length is giv'n,
Tho' late the Blow of long-forbearing Heav'n.
But see the Partner of thy Follies come,
Whose dreaded Answer seals your mutual Doom.
Say, wicked Judge, beneath what Tree were laid
Th' offending Pair? Beneath an Holm he said.
Then the same sad upbraiding Lesson heard,
And the same Sentence with his Brother shar'd.

Loud Shouts of Joy on all Sides gather round,
And *Daniel's* Praise in ev'ry Mouth is found.
Chief the glad Parents in the Joy partake,
And *Hallelujah's* to *Jehovah* make :
Own injur'd Innocence his special Care,
Embrace their Child, and drop a tender Tear.
The Death, the Elders for the Fair design'd,
Judg'd by the Law themselves deserv'dly find,
To Life and Fame *Susanna* thus restor'd,
Return'd more lovely to her joyful Lord.

This Poem of SUSANNA was written when the Author was very young, first printed in the Year 1730.

JUDITH,

F U D I T H,

A N

HEROICK POEM

*Written at Hemsworth in YORKSHIRE in the Months
of November and December, 1730.*

—Ενθα δὲ οἱ θελκῆμα πάντα τέτυκτο,
Ενθ' ἐνὶ μὲν Φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἴμερος, ἐν δ' ὁαριστὺς,
Πάρφασις, ἥτ' ἐκλείψε νόον πύκα πὲρ φρονεόντων.

—Ἀυτὸς γάρ οἱ ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἦεν ἀμύντωρ
Ζεὺς, ὃς μιν πλεόνεοσι μετ' ἀνδράσι ΘΗΛΥΝΕΟΥΣΑΝ
Τίμα καὶ κύδαινε—
Homer's Iliad.

K

JUDITH,

CANTO the First.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Description of the Assyrian Army, the Distresses of the City Bethulia, the Character of Judith a Widow, and her Conference with the Elders of the Place.

I Sing the Dame, whose more than *Female* Hand
Dislodg'd whole Armies from her native Land;
Taught the gay *Victor* to distrust his Sword,
And *Peace* and *Safety* to her Friends restor'd.

O THOU, whose *Wisdom* first her Soul impell'd,
Whose *Pow'r* protect'd thro' the hostile Field,
Instruct my Fancy o'er those Plains to rove,
And trace thy wondrous Providence and Love.

A num'rous Host, which round *Bethulia* lay,
 Fill'd all the Land with Terror and Dismay.
 Elate in Heart the vain *Affyrian* sent,
 And bade them ravage whereso'er they went,
 Deal Death to all, who durst dispute his sway,
 Fields, Cities, Realms in Wastes and Ruins lay.

He spoke; obedient to the Tyrant's Word,
 The sweeping Armies o'er the Nations pour'd.

Earth scarce sustain'd their Number; where they
 past
 Dry was the *River*, and the *Village* waste,
 Beyond the Reach of View, below, above,
 Stretch the long Troops, and Hills, and Valleys
 move,

These to withstand *Bethulia* strove in vain,
 Lost were her Springs, and Heav'n withheld its
 Rain,

Prest

Preſt with the Rage of Thirſt, and ſunk with Fear
The ſick'ning Crowd a Face of ſadneſs wear:
The frantick Women ſent their Shrieks around,
And fainting Infants gasp'd upon the Ground;
The ling'ring Death unable to ſuſtain
The clam'rous Populace aloud complain,
Till the weak *Elders* by the Cry compell'd
On the fifth Day conſent the Town to yield.

This *Judith* ſaw, a Woman great and good,
With all the Beauty of her Sex endu'd.
A Widow ſhe, but ſuch her Life, and Fame,
Scandal itſelf was ſilent at her Name.
Devotion ſtill ſeren'd her peaceful Mind
In Dangers conſtant, and in Woes reſign'd:
Much ſhe revolv'd on what had lately paſt,
And call'd the *Elders* to her Houſe in haſte.

Fathers, ſaid ſhe, too raſhly have you run
To meet the Evil, which you ſtill may ſhun.

What tho' his succour God a while forbear,
In the last hopeleſs Moment he can ſpare,
Defeat the Strength of yon devouring Hoſt,
And drive them ſpoil'd and ſcatter'd from our Coaſt.
But think not Man, vain Creature! may preſume,
To teach his Maker, or to chooſe his Doom.
Oft has afflicted *Iſr'el* been reſtor'd,
None truſt in vain the Mercy of the Lord.
Our *Reſignation* ſtill he means to try,
We live if patient, if we murmur die.
Learn this hard Burthen for a Time to bear,
And God relenting will his People hear.
Not now averſe, as when our Fathers ſtood,
In *Baal's* Temple, and to *Idols* bow'd.
When loſt, abandon'd, and with Sin defil'd,
Strangers with Licence all their Riches ſpoil'd;
Or dreadful *Midian* to the Dens and Rocks,
In chace purſu'd them, like the herded flocks:

No

No *Idol* now is found in all our Coasts;
No God is worship'd but the Lord of Hosts,
And shall we Miscreants to the Foe give way,
And leave his House and Sanctuary a Prey?
For *Judah* round, by our default compel'd,
To Hands profane their holy things must yield.
How better far our dearest Blood were spilt,
Than we partakers in so foul a Guilt?
How worse than Death our Slavery must prove,
Opprest below, and cursed from above?
No hope of better Days our Souls to chear,
Remorse our Comfort and our *Friend* despair!
Ah! change we for a worse our present State?
Who love the *Treachery*, the *Traitors* hate.
The gen'rous Soul, whose bleeding Country lies,
Smoaking around in one sad Sacrifice,
Who late resigns his *unavailing* Sword,
Who holds his *Virtue*, tho' he change his Lord,

May meet Compassion from the *fiercest* Foe,
 May smile in Bondage, and out-live his *Woe*.
 But *Traitors*, base *Destroyers of their Kind*,
 Who seek the Favour, which they never find,
 Groan out a Life the thankless *Victor's* sport,
 In some *mean Office*, where they cannot hurt.
 No! let us face the horrid Front of War,
 God on our Side, the utmost Perils dare:
 Here stay, till *Death resistless* force us hence,
 Or live our Country's GLORY and DEFENCE.

To this the *Elders*; much thy Speeches charm,
 With Sense persuasive, and with Courage warm:
 E'en now, as ever, in thy Words we find
 The wise Composure of an holy Mind,
 That fixt, obedient to its Maker's Will;
 Unruffled hears, and sees, and judges still.
 But think how sore the People were distressed,
 How just their Suit; how importunately prest:

Nor

Nor blame thy Servants, that we should comply,
Left without Pow'r, tho' willing to deny.
This the last Refuge, that we now can have,
And thou e'en then the sinking State must save.
In sight of Heav'n our sufferings to display,
Weep for our Sins, for speedy Succour pray.—
—Hear me, said she, and from her lovely Eyes;
The fiercer Light of bright'ning Anger flies,
If none shall dare to set his Country free,
E'en I myself your *Championess* will be.
When Night approaches, my Arrival wait,
And give me passage at the City-Gate.
Within the Space, your dastard Souls assign,
Behold yon Camp, yon mighty Army mine.
But how, at present, I forbear to speak,
Or share my Thoughts, with Counsellors so weak:
So shall my Deed your Admiration raise,
And late *Posterity* proclaim my Praise.

And

And sure it must, tho' *Poets* never join
 Their pious Verse, and make their Story thine;
 Unmov'd thy better Monument shall stand,
 And brave the Force of Time's destroying Hand,
 The well pleas'd Virgin shall thy Act record,
 And sing thy Praise, where'er thy God's ador'd,
 Till his last Trumpet shake this solid Ball,
 And coming Kingdom overshadow all.

The End of the First Canto.

CANTO the Second.

THE ARGUMENT.

Judith having dismissed the Elders, prepares for her Expedition to the Camp of Holofernes, with no other Attendant but her faithful Maid.

THE hopeless *Elders* by her Courage fir'd,
 Bless'd her design, and thoughtful all retir'd.
 Their

Their busy Minds no certain Prospect boast,
 In the wild Mazes of Conjecture lost;
 While *Judith* earnest on her Purpose spread,
 Repentant Ashes on her lovely Head.
 What Time the Priests their holy Voices rais'd,
 And in *Jerusalem* the *Altar* blaz'd;
 Devoutly prostrate to the Earth she falls,
 And thus in Anguish to th' Almighty calls.

God of our Fathers—by whose Pow'r and Word
 The hardy *Simeon* * drew the vengeful Sword,
 'Gainst those who durst thine Heritage defile
 A single *Virgin* of her Honour spoil:
 Unpiti'd on their Thrones the Princes bled,
 Wild Carnage stain'd the *matrimonial* Bed:
 Monarch and Slave the hasty Faulchion gor'd,
 And slaughter'd Subjects groan'd around their Lord.
 Thus 'gainst th' *Assyrians* speed th' intended Blow,
 Thus *universal* be their Overthrow.

* Gen. xxxiv. 2, 25.

Who blind, presumptuous, trusting in their Might,
Require no Helper but themselves in fight.
Vain Men! who glory in the Sword and Spear,
Their Horse, their Chariots, and the Pomp of War.
Careless of him, who warreth from the Skies,
They know thee not, or if they know, despise;
Make vain the Strength in which the mighty trust,
And humble yon proud Army in the Dust.
How pleas'd thy Vengeance would myself perform,
O! give thy Servant to direct the Storm;
O! may my Speeches all their Host ensnare,
And for thy chosen let a Woman war.
So shall *Omnipotence* more plain be seen,
Which self-sufficient needs no Help of Men;
No mighty Armies to perform its Will,
Can raise the weak, and bid the vanquish'd kill.
Then shall these Spoilers with Confusion own,
The God of *Israel* is God alone.

Thy

Thy People rescu'd all their Voices raise,
And ev'ry Nation echo to thy Praise.

Thus as the Fair her Adoration ends,
She leaves her Tent, and to the House descends.
For there, retiring since her Husband dy'd,
In mournful Solitude she chose to 'bide.
Nor e'er enjoy'd the Grandeur she possess'd,
But on the *Sabbath*, or a solemn Feast.
Not vainly gay, with *Female* Lightness weak,
She only deck'd her for Religion's sake.
Now, nor till now, the Gazer's Eyes to move,
And raise short Flames of transitory Love.
In Office near her trusty Servant stands,
And aids her Actions with Assistant Hands:
From long neglected Stores they first unfold,
Rich Garments stiff with Broidery of Gold.
Selecting each with careful Eye surveys,
What else might *Love*, or *Admiration* raise.

Next

Next to attire the beauteous Dame prepares,
Fresh from the Bath, and sweet with fragrant
Airs.

Her Hair in Braidings curiously dispos'd,
Within a Net of Gold she first inclos'd;
On this aloft, with clust'ring Jewels grac'd,
Majestick dress! the fair *Tiára* plac'd.
Far beaming Pendants glitter in her Ears,
And either Hand a graceful Bracelet wears.
Her Robe, that waving o'er her Sandals flow'd,
Receiv'd new Colours from each step she trod.
While fast behind her trusty Servant bears,
The light Provisions of their future Wars.
And now at distance the expecting Throng,
Beheld her shining, as she mov'd along.
Such as long since, her Husband's Heart to glad,
In all the *Panoply* of Beauty clad.
O'er each sad Countenance new Gladness stole,
And sudden Hope awaken'd in the Soul.

As when some *Star* forth-breaking from the Night,
Of dark'ning Clouds displays its glorious Light,
Where out at Sea the weary Vessel plies,
'Twixt *Rocks* and Shoals the dang'rous Passage lies:
The helpless Pilot doubtful what the Coast,
Short their Provision, and their Anchors lost:
With joyful Eyes the fainting Sailors gaze,
Their Course reforming by its friendly Rays.
Thus *Judith* beauteous from her Sorrows came,
Thus all took Courage, who beheld the Dame.
To bless her enterprize the Elders rose,
The Gates flow-creeking next the Guard unclosed.
Her progress all with steady looks pursue,
Till Night and Distance terminate their View.

JUDITH,

CANTO the Third.

The ARGUMENT.

Judith arrives at the Camp of Holofernes, she is conducted to the Tent of that General. Her situation in the Camp, till she found out the Means of effecting his Death; her triumphant return to Bethulia, and the Rout of the Assyrian Army.

THE winding Hill and narrow Valley past,
In the wide Plain the Pair arrive at last.

Screen'd by the Twilight *Judith* hafts away,

Where the main Army with its Leader lay:

Now in their March the prowling Watch she meets,

And close advanc'd with friendly accent greets.

And as on mighty Enterprises bent,

Requires a Convoy to the Gen'ral's Tent.

Submits

Submits the ready Soldiers strait prepare
A gorgeous Chariot to conduct the Fair.
Her trusty Servant and herself ascend,
The marshal'd Warriors at her side attend.
Till at th' imperial Tent they make a stand,
And wait, for audience, their chief's command.

Mean while the Rumor of their coming drew
The idle Multitude in crouds to view;
Eager they throng, but scarce approaching nigh,
Glance through the armed Ranks a transient Eye,
Who thus the glimpses of her form had seen
With more impatience strive to see again;
While those who plainly view, with fixt sur-
prize,
Dwell on the Sight, and feed their longing Eyes.

But now access is giv'n, the op'ning throng,
Divide obsequious, where she moves along:

To the chief guard the Troop their charge resign,
Who parting form on either Hand a Line.
Within, a menial Train her entrance wait,
In all the gaudy Pageantry of State.
Six purpled Slaves who blazing Incense bore
In Lamps of Silver, went their Lord before,
While *Judith* follow'd by her Maid alone,
Herself a wonder all the Pomp out-shone.
Compos'd and calm she seem'd, and as they meet,
Fell down with graceful Rev'rence at his feet.
To raise her up the Servants strait repair,
Studious to please a Personage so fair.
The Foe himself insensibly grew mild,
And as he spoke his rugged Visage smil'd.

Fair one whate'er thy Embassy may prove,
Let this assurance all thy Fears remove.
Whoe'er a Friendship to my Lord intend,
The King of Kings, in us shall find a Friend;

But

But who imprudent lift the hostile Spear,
Destruction swallows, for with them we war,
No! had thy People but obey'd my Word,
Far, far, from hence I now had drawn the Sword:
Still on their Mountains might thy Nation keep,
Nor see their Cities flame, nor hear their Captives
weep.

But say what Motive, for we wish to know,
Brings thee to hope Protection from a Foe;
If at the conduct of thy People griev'd,
Or seek'st redress for Injuries receiv'd,
This, or what else it be, undaunted speak,
Nor think thou liv'st, but for thy Story's sake.

Thus ended he, the Fair in modest guise,
Prepares to speak, and lifts her sparkling Eyes.
All on her Charms with still Attention hung,
When thus broke forth the Musick of her Tongue.

If you, great Chief, whom conquer'd Worlds have
told,

In counfels prudent as in Action bold;
Can deign as faithful my Advice to take,
And hear the full Discoveries I make;
Sure as the Might'est of the Mighty lives,
From whom my Lord such ample Sway receives,
The Sword shall all thine Enemies devour,
But wait with Prudence till the fated Hour:
Till God himself shall speed thy destin'd way,
And give them helpless to thy Host a prey.
For whilst protected by his saving Hand,
Vain is thy force, for still they may withstand.
No treacherous Fiction this, that I reveal!
Search, and thy Captives as myself can tell,
Each Neighb'ring Nation in its turn has known,
That *Judah* wars with *Prowess* not his own;

But

But now the God, on whom their hopes depend,
Mov'd by their Sin, shall cease to be their Friend.
From diverse Meats commanded to abstain,
Thro' pressing Want they make that precept vain.
Nay farther yet, they purpose to defile
Their Corn their Fruits, their hallow'd Wine and
Oyl.

Revoke the Offerings of their former Years,
And fruitless make their once accepted Pray'rs.
One to *Jerusalem* is sent to bear,
A specious Licence from the Senate there.
Where the same wild tumultuous Madness reigns,
And injur'd Piety as loud complains:
Soon as this Message reaches to their Walls,
Each on the Prey without Restriction falls;
So fond their Woe, as tho' to Man 'twere given,
To order for th' Omniscience of Heaven.
Limit his Punishments and in his stead,
Allow to practise, what he once forbade.

'Tis then thy Arms resistless may succeed,
 For instant Vengeance overtakes the Deed.
 All this my God, whose Messenger I come,
 Whose Laws I keep, hath taught me to foredoom,
 And bids me nightly to the Vale repair
 To pray till he the Moment shall declare,
 When I—these Mountains with destruction crost,
 E'en to *Jerusalem* shall lead thy Host.
 Like scatter'd Sheep disperse this Rebel train,
 And fix thy Throne for ever to remain.
 Here ended she, yet each with ravish'd Ear,
 And look benevolent stood fixt to hear.
 Thus the sweet *Syrens* all their Arts employ,
 Charm those they hate, and please but to destroy.
 The Tyrant's self enamour'd gaz'd her o'er,
 And thus confess'd resistless Beauty's Pow'r;
 A Form so beautiful, so wise a Mind,
 Such heav'nly Looks with sweet Perswasion join'd
 Forbid the Hearer in suspense to stand,
 Prevent the Will, and while they ask, command.

Should God, at whose direction this is done,
Assist to perfect, what thou hast begun,
Him as supreme for ever I'd allow,
With thee in Consort, at his Altars bow,
Thou too, when Fate shall these our Foes destroy,
Shalt name no Blessing but thou may'st enjoy,
Shalt live like *Assur* in the Pomp of State,
Compleatly happy, as renown'd and great.

Thus spake the Foe, and first proceeding bade
The rest conduct her, where his Stores were laid;
There o'er his Chiefs superior and alone,
He sat exalted on a Purple Throne;
Whence Gold and precious Stones, in mingled
blaze,
Of various Colours sent ten thousand Rays,
Thus in the spangled Mantle of the Night,
Each various Quarter glows with various Light:
That, fiery red with some malignant Star,
This, mix'd of Gold, and this, like Silver fair,

Around the Throne each Board with Chargers
shone,

The Wealth of Kings by rapine made his own.
In these large heaps of choicest Meats were stow'd,
And copious Streams of brimming Nectar flow'd.
Of such to taste unlicens'd and unus'd,
The profer'd Grace the Fair one thus refus'd;
These Meats unknown permit me to foregoe,
Lest I too sinning make my God my Foe:
My Friend and Servant, as we want, can give
With safer Hand sufficient means to live;
Nor, trust me, shall our little Treasure fail,
Till God forsake our Foes, and thou prevail.
So saying, they their Appetite suppress,
With short Refection, and retir'd to Rest.
Instant, unseen attendant Angels steep
Her careful Temples in the balm of Sleep.
Around her Couch their restless Watch employ,
And whisper dreams of Extasy and Joy.

She

She saw the Felon tumbled from his Throne,
An headless Carcase at her Feet lie prone.
And strait on Fancy's Wing convey'd along,
Tho' how she knew not, seem'd her Friends among.
Met with a Song of Praise with Garlands crown'd,
Whilst the whole City throng'd rejoycing round.
And as the Scene of triumph pass'd away,
Sweet heav'nly voices said, or seem'd to say.
Judith arise, to yonder Valley speed,
And ask of God to realize thy Deed.
Wak'd and confirm'd by what the Vision said,
Deep wrap'd in Thought she rises from her Bed.
Speaks her design in Whispers to her Friend,
And bids her straightway on her Steps attend

Mean while the Tyrant laid devoid of Rest,
Imagination working in his Breast.
He thought her o'er in all her beauties bright,
And wish'd impatient for the Morning Light,

When

When lo! a Servant by the Fair one sent,
Approach'd to ask her passage from the Tent.
Ere well he heard, he gives a fresh command,
That none presume her Motions to withstand.

Thus unrestrain'd the Pair in silence go,
Fearless, unquestion'd, thro' the sleeping Foe.
Led by the falling Rills, whose murmuring Sound
Lull'd the still Night, *Bethulia's* mount they found;
From out whose Foot the gushing Fountains sprung,
The tinkling Rocks with hollow Sounding rung;
The Fair arriv'd, her Vesture lays aside,
And baths secure within the crystal Tide;
Cleans'd of each Stain and Sin the brink ascends,
And on the rugged Rock devoutly bends.

For not as now, might Man address his God,
Purg'd from his Frailties in a Saviour's Blood.

A Mis-

A Myſtick Waſh by diſtant Type ally'd,
And ting'd with Faith for better Streams ſupply'd:
Yet high to Heav'n, not unaccepted came
The pious ardours of the fervent Dame:
No more with anxious Doubts her Boſom burn'd,
Confirm'd ſhe roſe, and to the Camp return'd.
Sate all the Day within the Tent retir'd,
And ſeen the leſs, was ſtill the more admir'd.

Thus had ſhe ſpent the third revolving Day,
When now the Foe, impatient of delay,
The fourth, his Nobles to a Feaſt conven'd
Such, whoſe Affairs permit them to attend.
That haply by Entreaty drawn to ſhare
The heedleſs Fair one might indulge too far;
And he ſome Interval unguarded find,
When Mirth inflam'd, and Reaſon left the Mind.

All was prepar'd, when now he bids invite
The beauteous Stranger to the genial rite.

But

But e're she came her Servant rais'd a board,
With her own Wine and simple Dainties stor'd;
Then o'er a Couch the richest Carpets strow'd,
The Tyrant's treasure! for her use allow'd:
By this adorn'd majestick in her gait,
Enter'd the Dame, and close before him sat:
A pleasing Faintness o'er his Spirits stole,
Her nearer Beauties shook his inmost Soul:
From his wan Cheek at once the Colour flies,
And strongest Passion wanton'd in his Eyes.
His Heart thick-beating flutter'd in his breast,
And lab'ring Breath his first Words scarce exprest,

Come, lovely Partner in the War, he cry'd,
With us the Pleasures of the Day divide.
Too strict, too distant is the Life you lead,
Let social Joy to Prayers and Fasts succeed;
Not so severe can be the Will of Heav'n,
Nor thus to languish was thy Beauty given.

To

To whom the Fair; what you my Lord command,
Your Handmaid I presume not to withstand.
If e'er such Pleasures with my Life agreed,
'Bove all the past the present Day may plead.
For yet I ne'er such inward Triumph found,
Was honour'd thus, or saw such Splendor round.

So saying, freely as the rest she shar'd
The little Banquet, which her Maid prepar'd;
Glad was the Foe, and careless to what height
Excess may lead, indulg'd in each delight.
Thoughts he had none, or all his Thoughts employ'd,
How the dear Object might be still enjoy'd:
What means might surest lengthen out their stay,
And give him still her Beauty to survey.

Thus Luxury misrul'd, 'till each full Guest,
Opprest and weary stole away to Rest:

His

His tendants did the same, and thought this Night,
 Must give their Lord the long-desir'd delight.
 But like themselves in Sleep's embrace he lies
 For God had clos'd his unconsenting Eyes.

'Twas now the Dame perceiv'd his Servants gone,
 And none attending save her Maid alone;
 The Foe the great Blasphemer of her God,
 Unarm'd, insensible, an helpless load;
 The Place, the Opportunity recall,
 Strait to her Mind the Vision of his Fall.

Beside his Throne hung glitt'ring all in State,
 With his proud Crest a Sword of massive weight:
 Such, whose fell Stroke did never light in vain,
 Parent of Sorrows! made to wait again.

This view'd the Dame, and seizing undismay'd,
 With all her Might draws forth the flaming blade;

Con-

Conceives a warm unutterable Pray'r,
And firm of Soul, approach'd the Foe with care;
Where buri'd in Intemperance he lay,
And with his Falchion lopp'd his Head away;
That done, she rolls the Carcase on the Floor,
(Dash'd was the Throne, the Groundsel stream'd with
Gore.)

The Head she takes, from off the Columns tears
The purple Vail, and to her Servant bears,
Who, in their own Apartment bid to stay,
Wak'd to attend her, where she us'd to pray.
The dangerous Trophies carefully bestow'd,
She rais'd supporting, and away they trode.
The meanly Scrip, that held their Meats before,
So God ordain'd, a nobler Burthen bore.
He by flight means can human Fortune sway,
And humbly low the proudest Mortals lay.

Thus unsuspected thro' the Camp they fled,
Quick to the Town, for Fear assists their Speed.

And

And now the Dame the City Walls drew near,
Hark ! a glad Voice the fainting Watchmen hear.
“ Ope, ope thy Gates *Bethulia* she cry’d,
“ Break into Song, for God is on thy Side.”
Strait at her well known Words the Gates uncloze,
And in the Saviour of her Country goes.

Within the Town there lay an open Court,
Of vast extent, a Place of chief resort.
Where the besieg’d at each return of Night,
With ceaseless Fires supply’d the want of Light;
Thither the Fair Adventurer to greet,
The joyful Elders with the People meet:
A Circle round in Expectation frame,
And wait the Tidings of the wondrous Dame;
Who from her Store th’ amazing Trophies drew,
One Hand supports the Vail of various Hue,
Twin’d in the Hair the other lifts the Head,
The Eyes half open’d seem’d to threat when dead.

The

The daggled Locks were wet with stif'ning gore,
The Bear'd disorder'd stain'd the Face all o'er;
And as she shew'd it to her Friends around,
The scarce cold Blood dropt trick'ling from the Wound.

Behold, ye Men of *Israel*, she said,
The Pomp, in which their mighty Chief was laid.
See his once dreaded Face, which awes no more,
Mute is the Tongue, which threaten'd Death before.
With smoothest Words I purpos'd to deceive,
And Heav'n in Vengeance made their Hearts believe,
Won to my side the Tyrant Savage-kind,
Bade me to live, for Lust inflam'd his Mind.
Yet mix'd of Awe, not violent and bold,
Delaying, hoping, by Respect control'd.
And thus at length the wish'd occasion given,
My Hand has prov'd the Instrument of Heav'n.
His Troops unknowing of their Master's fall,
In false Security are buried all.
Confusion follows, when his Fate they hear,
For Minds elate the soonest know Despair.

This must ourselves improve ; ere mounts the Sun,
 Tell o'er the Mountains, what this Night has done.
 Bid them like us draw forth the embattel'd Train,
 When Morning dawns ; but go not to the Plain ;
 Till the wild Foe perceive their Leader lost,
 And maddest Tumult discompose their host :
 Then on our Walls suspend this Head on high,
 To aid their Fears, if haply they descry.

Thus as she ends, the Croud their Voices raise,
 And speak in Shouts their universal Praise.
 Strait the swift Messengers, with Tidings sent,
 To all the Cities of the Mountains went,
 Where to the West the length'ning Ridges lean,
 And *Betomasthen* views the boundless Plain,
 East, where in prospect distant *Chusi* lies,
 And nearer *Ekrebel's* white Turrets rise.
 But now the rising Sun disclos'd from far,
 The Mountain tops, that glitter'd all with War,
 Strait in the Plains th' *Assyrians* take th' Alarm,
 Acquaint their Leaders and prepare to arm ;

But sure of Conquest carelelefs each appear'd,
And Words like thefe throughout the Hoft were heard.

What Madnefs drives thefe Mifcreants on their Fate,
Or feek they death, as far a better State?
Thus they—when lo! a fudden Cry is fpread,
Their Chief himfelf by Treachery was dead.
Straight in each Face discordant Paffions join'd,
And fear deprefs'd their late exulting Mind.
Down drop their idle Arms, the Fields refound,
With hideous Yell, themfelves themfelves confound.
In vain at length to giddy Flight they turn,
Troops flop on Troops with adverfe Motions born.
As when from *Jordan's* Banks the Brakes among
The Lion brings his unexperienc'd Young,
Watchful they follow where he leads the way,
Obferve his Steps and meditate the Prey;
Till now fome fecret Toil approaching near,
Rufh the bold Hunters forth and launch the whizzing
Spear.

The mighty Savage falls ; his Young beset
Hear his last murm'ring Roar, and see his Fate;
Glare wildly round unknowing how to fly,
And helpless, heartless, unresisting die.

Meantime the Warriors from their lofty Post,
Both hear, and see the Tumult of the Host ;
And quick-descending with a Shout they go
Like bursting Thunder on th' affrighted Foe ;
From ev'ry Quarter sound the fresh Alarms,
The Noise of Men, of Horses, and of Arms.
Soon the bright Faulchion smok'd with streaming
Blood,
And heaps of Dead the Victor's way bestrow'd.
Himself or Friend the flying *Syrian* gor'd,
The Steed o'erturn'd lay flound'ring on his Lord ;
There flying Horsemen meet with stunning Shock,
Here cumb'rous Chariots in each other lock ;
Till the swift Sword o'ertakes its struggling Prey,
And all in one promiscuous Ruin lay :

As headlong Torrents swoln by sudden Rains
 From divers Mountains rush into the Plains,
 Where late the unsuspecting Cattel low'd,
 And ripening Crops in goodly Order stood;
 Each waisting out its Course where'er they stray,
 Bear down the bending Corn, and sweep whole herds
 away.

Thus on all Sides th' *Affyrian* Troops beheld,
 The hostile Squadrons pour along the Field.
 When *Israel* conquer'd with resistless might,
 Till silent Darknes stop'd the Rage of Fight.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Pag. 19. *read* Fates approve
 20. *read* Blessing prove
 32. *read* his Highness
 94. *read* in thral

Advertisement.

BY taking in certain other Pieces the ORATORIO of JEPHTHA could not be inserted as was intended in this Volume, without running to a greater Expence, than the *Subscription-Price* would bear. It will therefore be printed separate, when the Musick is finished.

Lately published by the same Hand, and sold at one Shilling each, being of a Size very proper to be bound with these Poems.

AN ESSAY towards an HISTORY of the *English* Tongue.

P A R T I.

Containing curious DISSERTATIONS on the *Languages*, which have been spoken in these Kingdoms beside the ENGLISH.

To which is prefixed (now first printed) the *Dedication*, which (if the Author had been encouraged to finish the Book) was intended for *Prince GEORGE. ? GEORGE*

There are an Hundred Copies of these to be disposed of, and such Gentlemen, as have a Regard for the Antiquities of their own Country, may be furnished with them by Dr. FREE, at his House near *Newington Church*, in the way to *Vaux-Hall*.

